WATCHMEN
No. 8 of 12 $1.50 $2.10/CAN.

WATCHMEN

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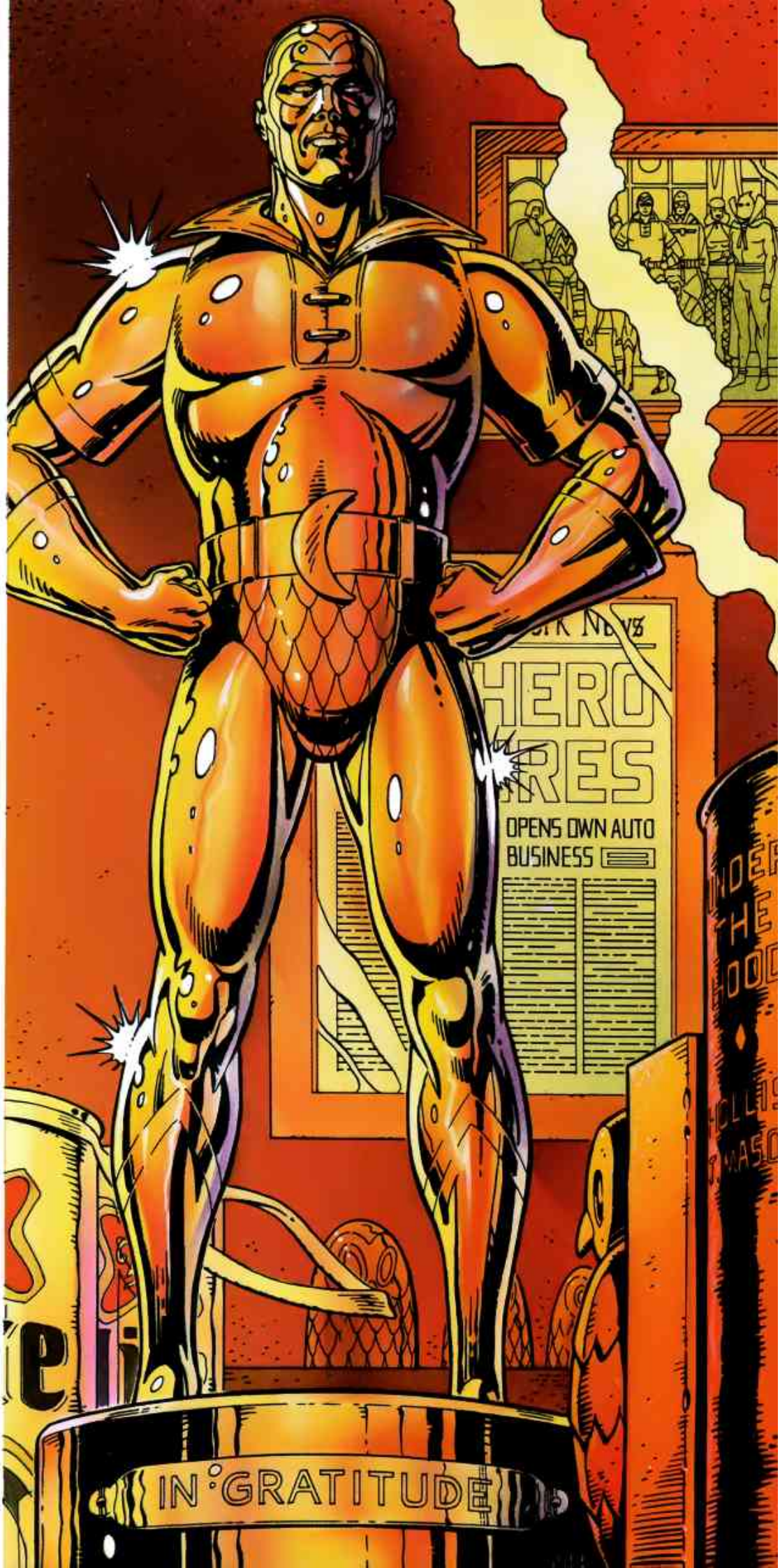
APRIL 1987



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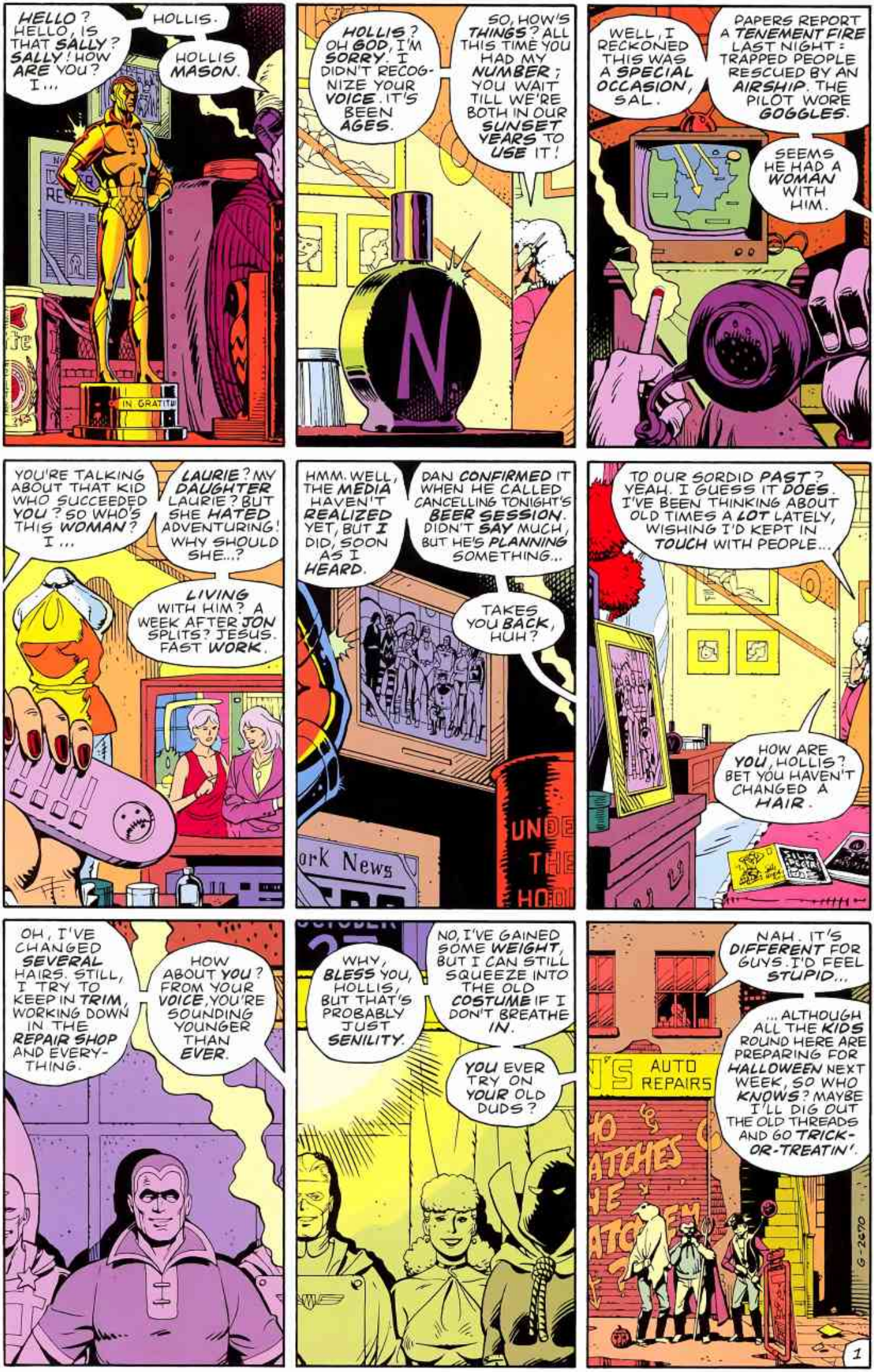
HELLO? HELLO, IS THAT SALLY? SALLY! HOW ARE YOU? I...
HOLLIS.
HOLLIS MASON.
IN GRATITU
HOLLIS? OH GOD, I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOUR VOICE. IT'S BEEN AGES.
SO, HOW'S THINGS? ALL THIS TIME YOU HAD MY NUMBER; YOU WAIT TILL WE'RE BOTH IN OUR SUNSET YEARS TO USE IT!
WELL, I RECKONED THIS WAS A SPECIAL OCCASION, SAL.
PAPERS REPORT A TENEMENT FIRE LAST NIGHT: TRAPPED PEOPLE RESCUED BY AN AIRSHIP. THE PILOT WORE GOGGLES.
SEEMS HE HAD A WOMAN WITH HIM.
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THAT KID WHO SUCCEEDED YOU? SO WHO'S THIS WOMAN? I...
LAURIE? MY DAUGHTER LAURIE? BUT SHE HATED ADVENTURING! WHY SHOULD SHE...?
LIVING WITH HIM? A WEEK AFTER JON SPLITS? JESUS. FAST WORK.
HMM. WELL, THE MEDIA HAVEN'T REALIZED YET, BUT I DID, SOON AS I HEARD.
DAN CONFIRMED IT WHEN HE CALLED CANCELLING TONIGHT'S BEER SESSION. DIDN'T SAY MUCH, BUT HE'S PLANNING SOMETHING...
TAKES YOU BACK, HUH?
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UNDE THE HO
TO OUR SORDID PAST? YEAH. I GUESS IT DOES. I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT OLD TIMES A LOT LATELY, WISHING I'D KEPT IN TOUCH WITH PEOPLE...
HOW ARE YOU, HOLLIS? BET YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A HAIR.
OH, I'VE CHANGED SEVERAL HAIRS. STILL, I TRY TO KEEP IN TRIM, WORKING DOWN IN THE REPAIR SHOP AND EVERYTHING.
HOW ABOUT YOU? FROM YOUR VOICE, YOU'RE SOUNDING YOUNGER THAN EVER.
WHY, BLESS YOU, HOLLIS, BUT THAT'S PROBABLY JUST SENILITY.
NO, I'VE GAINED SOME WEIGHT, BUT I CAN STILL SQUEEZE INTO THE OLD COSTUME IF I DON'T BREATHE IN.
YOU EVER TRY ON YOUR OLD DUDS?
NAH. IT'S DIFFERENT FOR GUYS. I'D FEEL STUPID...
...ALTHOUGH ALL THE KIDS ROUND HERE ARE PREPARING FOR HALLOWEEN NEXT WEEK, SO WHO KNOWS? MAYBE I'LL DIG OUT THE OLD THREADS AND GO TRICK-OR-TREATIN'.
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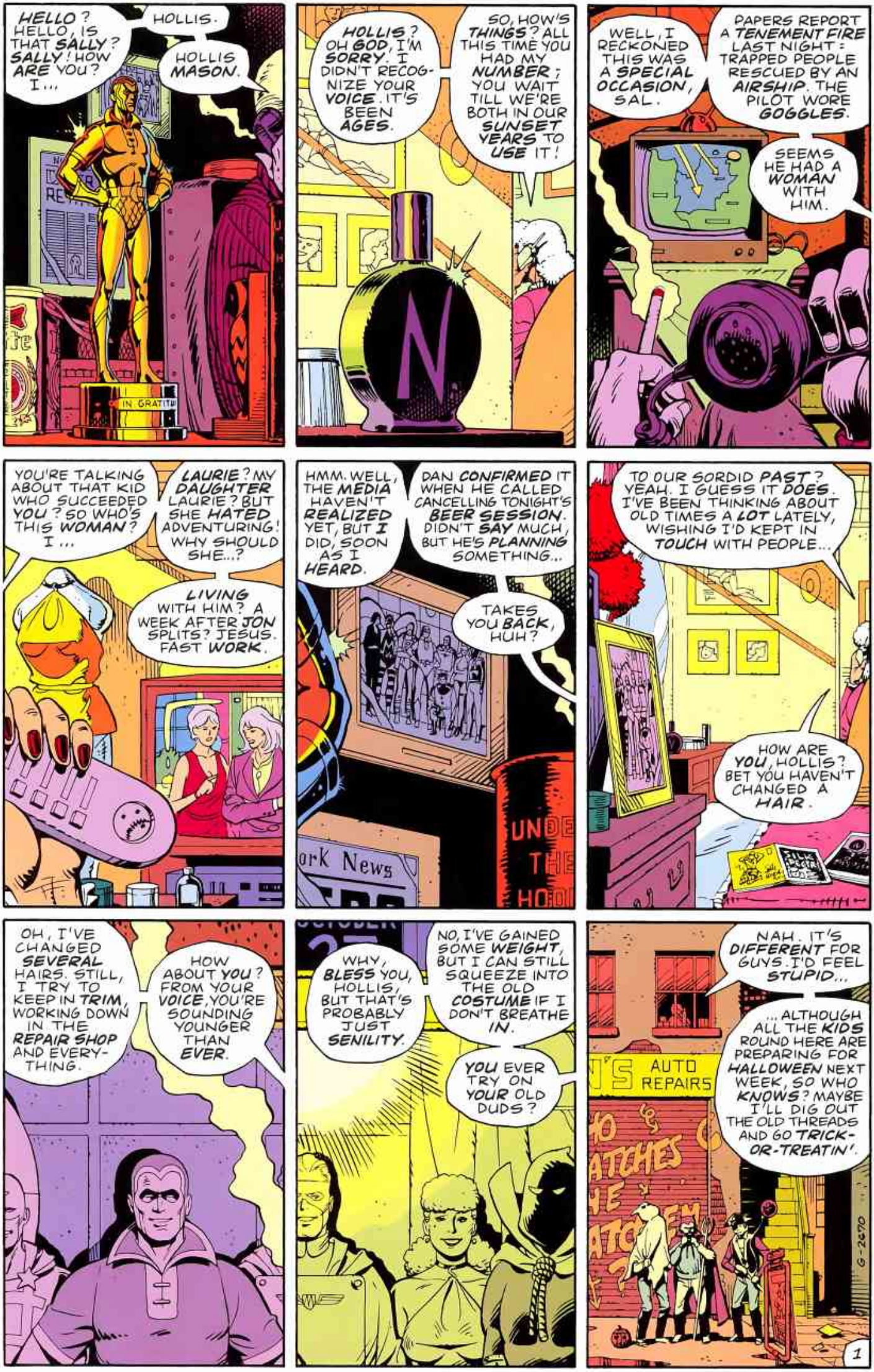
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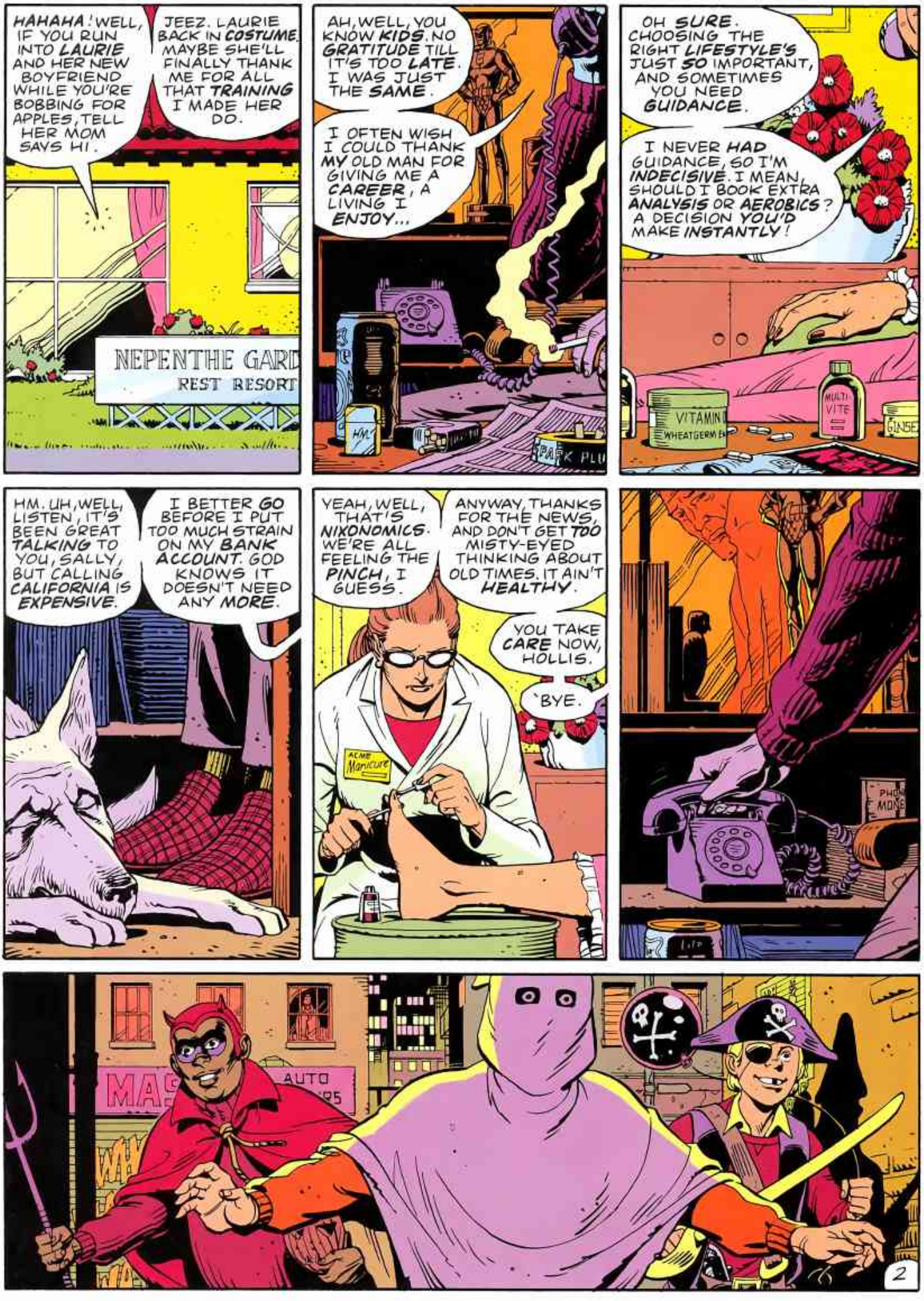
HAHAHA! WELL, IF YOU RUN INTO LAURIE AND HER NEW BOYFRIEND WHILE YOU'RE BOBBING FOR APPLES, TELL HER MOM SAYS HI.
JEEZ. LAURIE BACK IN COSTUME. MAYBE SHE'LL FINALLY THANK ME FOR ALL THAT TRAINING I MADE HER DO.
NEPENTHE GARD
REST RESORT
AH, WELL, YOU KNOW KIDS. NO GRATITUDE TILL IT'S TOO LATE. I WAS JUST THE SAME.
I OFTEN WISH I COULD THANK MY OLD MAN FOR GIVING ME A CAREER, A LIVING I ENJOY...
OH SURE. CHOOSING THE RIGHT LIFESTYLE'S JUST SO IMPORTANT, AND SOMETIMES YOU NEED GUIDANCE.
I NEVER HAD GUIDANCE, SO I'M INDECISIVE. I MEAN, SHOULD I BOOK EXTRA ANALYSIS OR AEROBICS? A DECISION YOU'D MAKE INSTANTLY!
VITAMIN
WHEATGERM
MULTI VITE
HM. UH, WELL, LISTEN, IT'S BEEN GREAT TALKING TO YOU, SALLY, BUT CALLING CALIFORNIA IS EXPENSIVE.
I BETTER GO BEFORE I PUT TOO MUCH STRAIN ON MY BANK ACCOUNT. GOD KNOWS IT DOESN'T NEED ANY MORE.
YEAH, WELL, THAT'S NIXONOMICS. WE'RE ALL FEELING THE PINCH, I GUESS.
ANYWAY, THANKS FOR THE NEWS, AND DON'T GET TOO MISTY-EYED THINKING ABOUT OLD TIMES. IT AIN'T HEALTHY.
YOU TAKE CARE NOW, HOLLIS.
'BYE.
ACME Manicure
AUTO
2

OLD GHOSTS

IT'S LIKE ALL OUR OLD NIGHTMARES COME BACK TO HAUNT US, Y'KNOW?
ADRIFT AND STARVING, MY DARKEST IMAGININGS WELLED UP UNCHECKED, SPILLING FROM BRAIN TO HEART LIKE BLACK INK, IMPOSSIBLE TO REMOVE.
RED INVASIONS, MASKED MEN... SEEN THIS WEEK'S NOVA EXPRESS? "SPIRIT OF '77". I MEAN, I REMEMBER 1977...
GOD SPARE US.
I PICTURED DAVIDSTOWN'S QUIET STREETS OVERRUN BY TATTOOED FIENDS. RECALLING THEIR BRUTALITY, I MOANED.
EVERYTHING'S GOING TO HELL. I'M JUST GLAD MY ROSA AIN'T ALIVE TO SEE.
INSTITUTE FOR PARAPHYSICAL STUDIES
UTOPIA
THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL
THE FREIGHTER HAD SURELY REACHED DAVIDSTOWN ALREADY. MY WIFE WAS ALMOST CERTAINLY DEAD. THESE NOTIONS TRANSFIXED ME, STOPPING TIME IN ITS TRACKS.
TODAY WOULDA BEEN OUR ANNIVERSARY. SUNDAY, 27TH OCTOBER. FUNNY, THIS TIME O'YEAR SHE'S ALWAYS ON MY MIND.
I REMEMBERED HER WAVING GOODBYE FROM THE VERANDAH SHADOWS, SUNLIGHT ILLUMINATING ONE CHEEK BONE.
DEAD?
SHE'DA HATED HOW THIS SUPER-HERO THING TURNED OUT: DOC MANHATTAN EXILED, OZYMANDIAS SHOT AT...
... AN' RORSCHACH! SEE INNA GAZETTE HE ATTACKED SOME OTHER PRISONER WITH HOT FAT? JESUS.
NOVA
THOSE GLORIOUS DAYS; THAT INNOCENCE...
DEAD?
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT... HIM COMIN' HERE EVERY DAY, NOBODY REALIZIN'. STILL, THAT'S LIFE: LOTTA STUFF HAPPENS UNDER THE WATERLINE...
DEAD: I IMAGINED MY SHIPMATES' BLOATED CORPSES, CARRYING MY RAFT ON FISHEATEN BACKS...
IN FACT... OH, GAZETTE? SURE. HEY, SEE THIS RORSCHACH ITEM? HE WAS A CUSTOMER HERE. ALWAYS KINDA SUSPECTED, BUT, HEY, PRETTY IN-CREDIBLE, RIGHT?
KOVACS...? UH, YES. INCREDIBLE. THANK YOU.
New York G
DEAD: THE PUTREFYING SHARK, ITS SNARL NO LONGER CONVINCING...
BYE. HAVE A NICE DAY.
DEAD: I HEAR HER PLEADING; SEE THEIR YELLOWED SMILES, THEIR CUTLASSES CARVING RELENTLESSLY UNTIL ALL HER PERSONALITY, ALL HER SUBTLETIES OF POSTURE AND EXPRESSION ARE OBLITERATED, REDUCED TO MEAT...
DEAD.
HMM. PREOCCUPIED TYPE. PROBABLY A TEACHER, THINKIN' ABOUT ALGEBRA, RELATIVITY, WHATEVER. WHADDA THOSE GUYS KNOW ABOUT LIFE? WORLD'S GOING CRAZY, THEY DON'T EVEN NOTICE!
FINALLY, FACED WITH HORRORS BOTH INTOLERABLE AND UN-AVOIDABLE, I CHOSE MADNESS.
3

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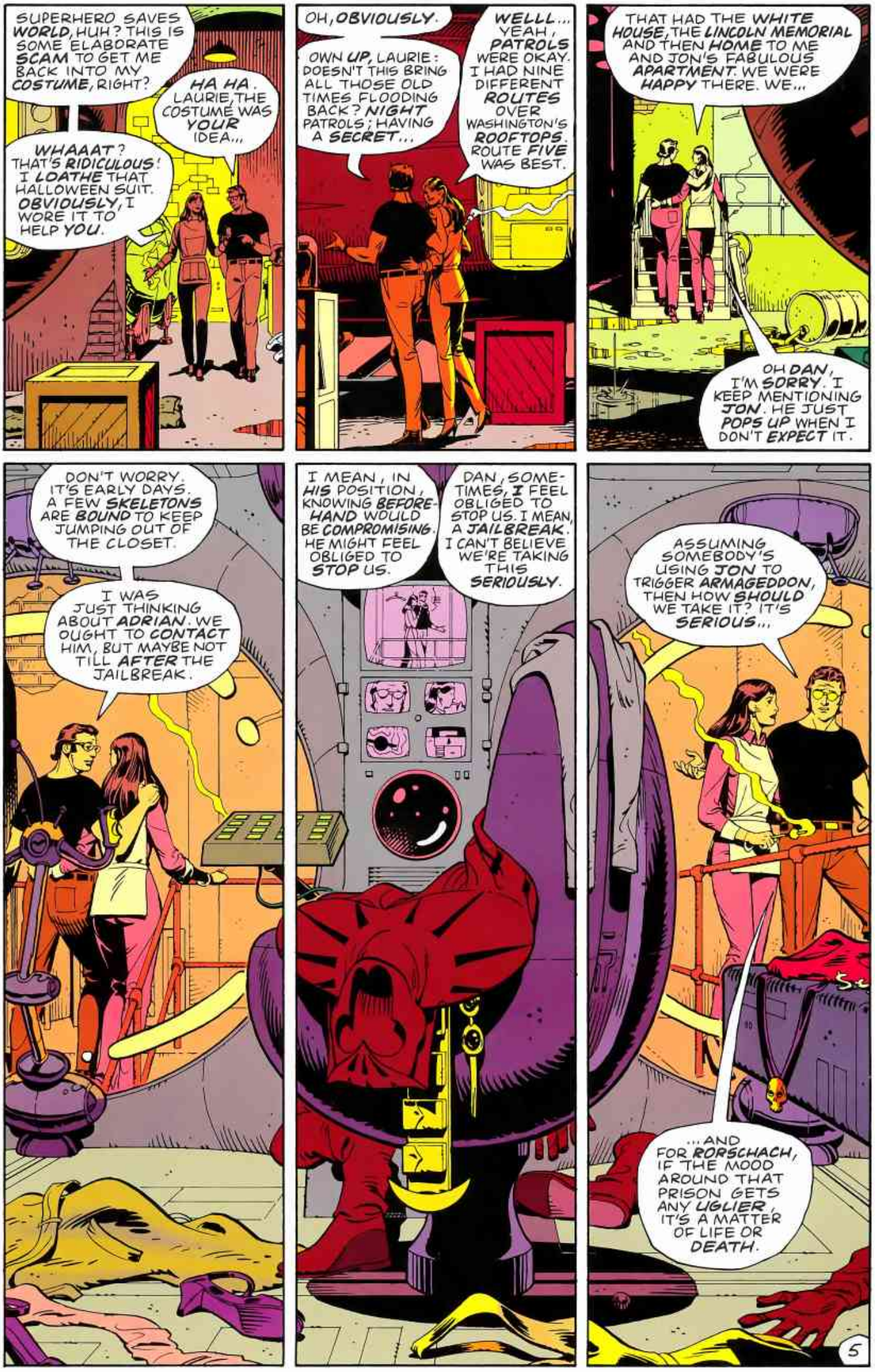
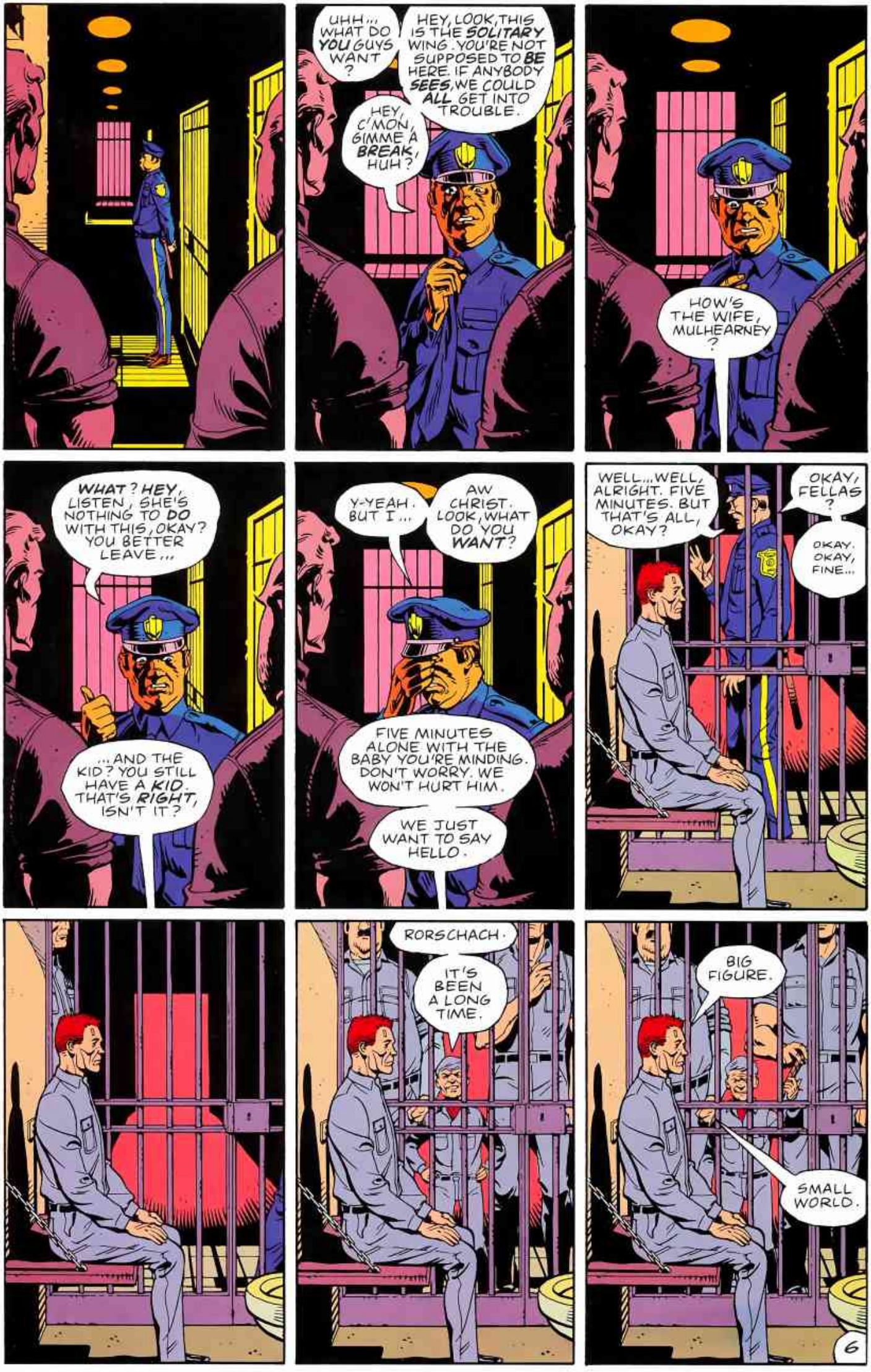
3

THIS IS INSANITY.
WE'RE YOUNG LOVERS, THE WORLD COULD END TOMORROW AND HOW ARE WE SPENDING SUNDAY EVENING? WE'RE PLANNING TO BUST A HOMICIDAL MANIAC OUT OF SING-SING!
LISTEN, I'LL LOAD THOSE HOVER BIKES AFTER THIS CIGARETTE, OKAY?
SURE.
AND IT'S NOT INSANITY. SOMETHING'S GOING ON: FOUR ADVENTURERS ATTACKED WITHIN ELEVEN DAYS ISN'T COINCIDENCE.
MAYBE THAT CANCER-SCARE MEDIA ASSAULT THAT PROMPTED JON'S EXILE WAS PART OF SOMEBODY'S PLAN. MAYBE SOMEONE INTENDED TO START WORLD WAR THREE.
OH DAN, COME ON...
LAURIE, YOU LIVED WITH JON. YOU DIDN'T CONTRACT CANCER FROM HIM. MAYBE NOBODY DID.
MY COMPUTER LISTS MOST PEOPLE NOVA EXPRESS MENTIONED AS EMPLOYED BY A RESEARCH COMPANY CALLED "DIMENSIONAL DEVELOPMENTS" BETWEEN '67 AND '85. WEIRD, HUH?
JANEY SLATER, WALLY WEAVER... THEY EVEN GAVE MOLOCH A TEMPORARY JOB WHEN HE LEFT PRISON.
THEY FUND THE INSTITUTE FOR EXTRASPATIAL STUDIES; ANOTHER COMPANY, PYRAMID DELIVERIES, FUNDS THEM. THIS CORPORATE STRUCTURE STUFF'S A MAZE...
YEAH? WELL THAT AND YOUR LOGIC BOTH. I MEAN, WHY RISK SPRINGING A LIABILITY LIKE RORSCHACH? WE TOOK ENOUGH CHANCES WITH THAT TENEMENT RESCUE.
RORSCHACH'S BEEN INVESTIGATING THIS THING ALL ALONG. WE NEED HIS INFORMATION.
... AND WE MAY NOT HAVE LONG TO GET IT. TODAY'S GAZETTE MENTIONS DEATH THREATS FOLLOWING YESTERDAY'S HOT FAT INCIDENT.
IT'S IMPORTANT, LAURIE. IF JON'S EXILE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES WERE PREMEDITATED, MAYBE IT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD.
REDS CROSS PAKISTAN BORDER
4

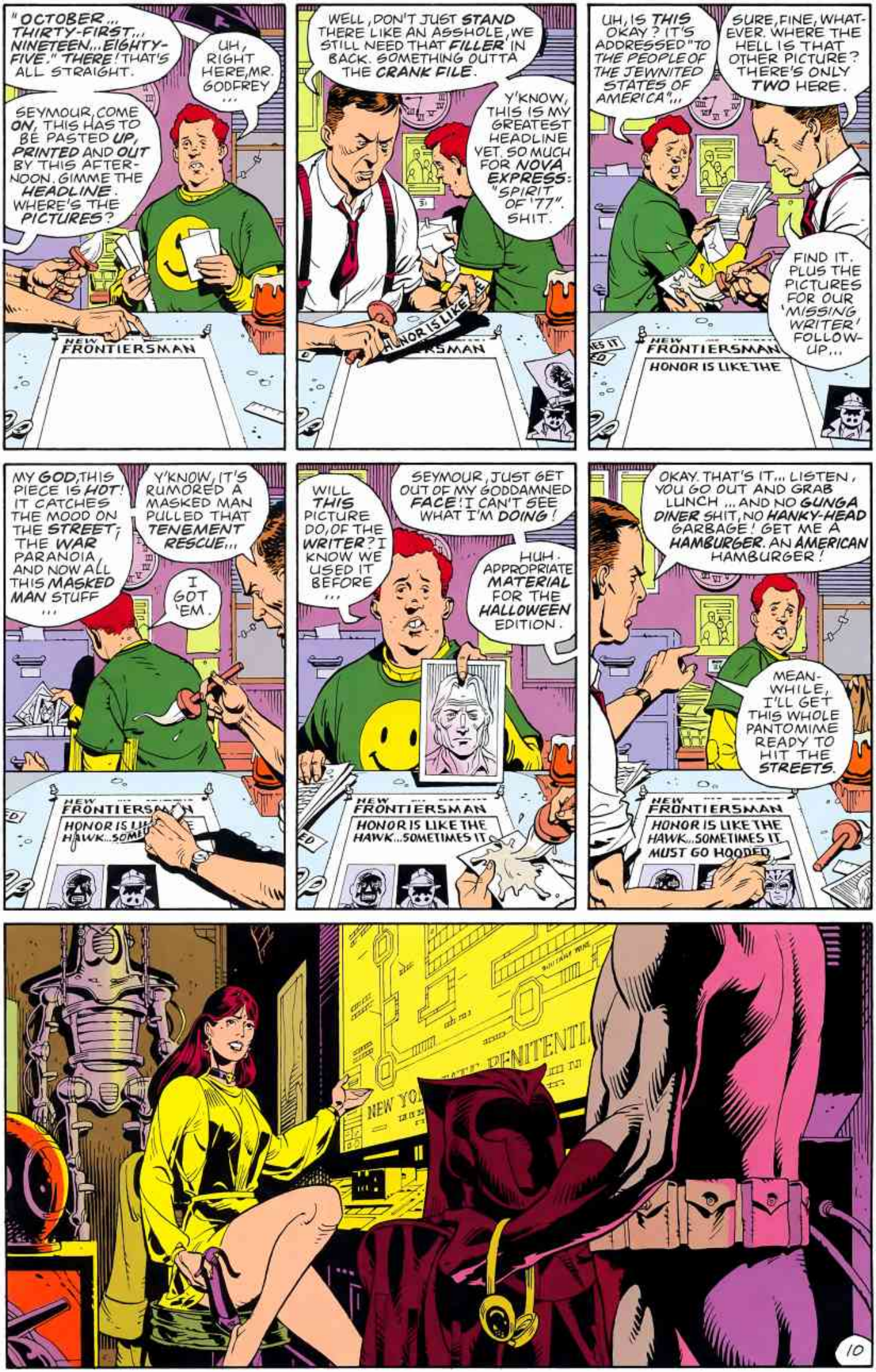

SUPERHERO SAVES WORLD, HUH? THIS IS SOME ELABORATE SCAM TO GET ME BACK INTO MY COSTUME, RIGHT?
HA HA. LAURIE, THE COSTUME WAS YOUR IDEA...
WHAAAT? THAT'S RIDICULOUS! I LOATHE THAT HALLOWEEN SUIT. OBVIOUSLY, I WORE IT TO HELP YOU.
OH, OBVIOUSLY.
OWN UP, LAURIE: DOESN'T THIS BRING ALL THOSE OLD TIMES FLOODING BACK? NIGHT PATROLS; HAVING A SECRET...
WELLL... YEAH, PATROLS WERE OKAY. I HAD NINE DIFFERENT ROUTES OVER WASHINGTON'S ROOFTOPS. ROUTE FIVE WAS BEST.
THAT HAD THE WHITE HOUSE, THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL AND THEN HOME TO ME AND JON'S FABULOUS APARTMENT. WE WERE HAPPY THERE. WE...
OH DAN, I'M SORRY. I KEEP MENTIONING JON. HE JUST POPS UP WHEN I DON'T EXPECT IT.
DON'T WORRY. IT'S EARLY DAYS. A FEW SKELETONS ARE BOUND TO KEEP JUMPING OUT OF THE CLOSET.
I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT ADRIAN. WE OUGHT TO CONTACT HIM, BUT MAYBE NOT TILL AFTER THE JAILBREAK.
I MEAN, IN HIS POSITION, KNOWING BEFOREHAND WOULD BE COMPROMISING. HE MIGHT FEEL OBLIGED TO STOP US.
DAN, SOMETIMES, I FEEL OBLIGED TO STOP US. I MEAN, A JAILBREAK. I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY.
ASSUMING SOMEBODY'S USING JON TO TRIGGER ARMAGEDDON, THEN HOW SHOULD WE TAKE IT? IT'S SERIOUS...
...AND FOR RORSCHACH, IF THE MOOD AROUND THAT PRISON GETS ANY UGLIER, IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH.
5

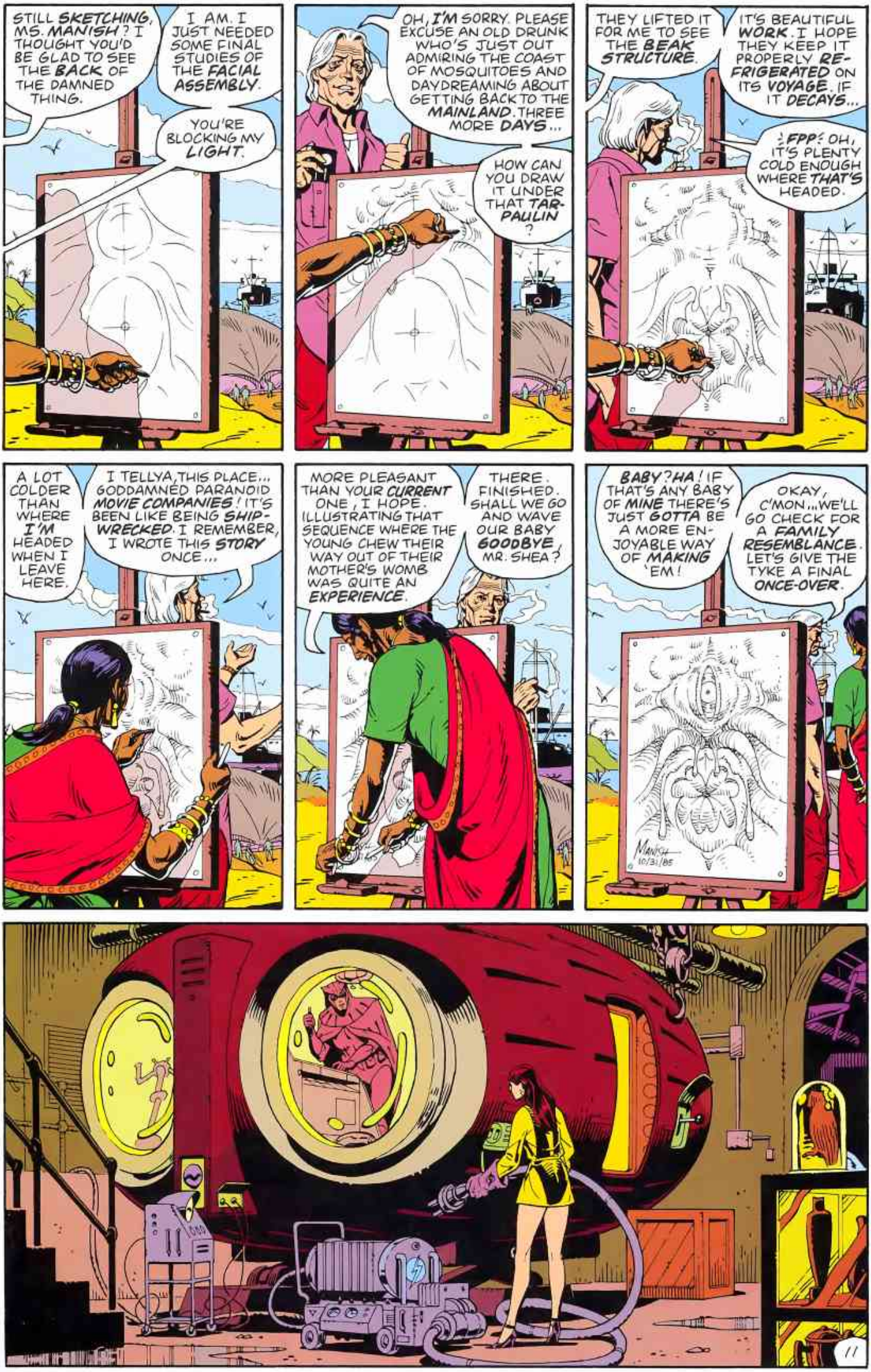

UHH... WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT?
HEY, LOOK, THIS IS THE SOLITARY WING. YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE. IF ANYBODY SEES, WE COULD ALL GET INTO TROUBLE.
HEY, C'MON, GIMME A BREAK, HUH?
HOW'S THE WIFE, MULHEARNEY?
WHAT? HEY, LISTEN, SHE'S NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS, OKAY? YOU BETTER LEAVE...
...AND THE KID? YOU STILL HAVE A KID. THAT'S RIGHT, ISN'T IT?
Y-YEAH. BUT I...
AW CHRIST. LOOK, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
FIVE MINUTES ALONE WITH THE BABY YOU'RE MINDING. DON'T WORRY. WE WON'T HURT HIM.
WE JUST WANT TO SAY HELLO.
WELL...WELL, ALRIGHT. FIVE MINUTES. BUT THAT'S ALL, OKAY?
OKAY, FELLAS?
OKAY. OKAY, FINE...
RORSCHACH.
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME.
BIG FIGURE.
SMALL WORLD.

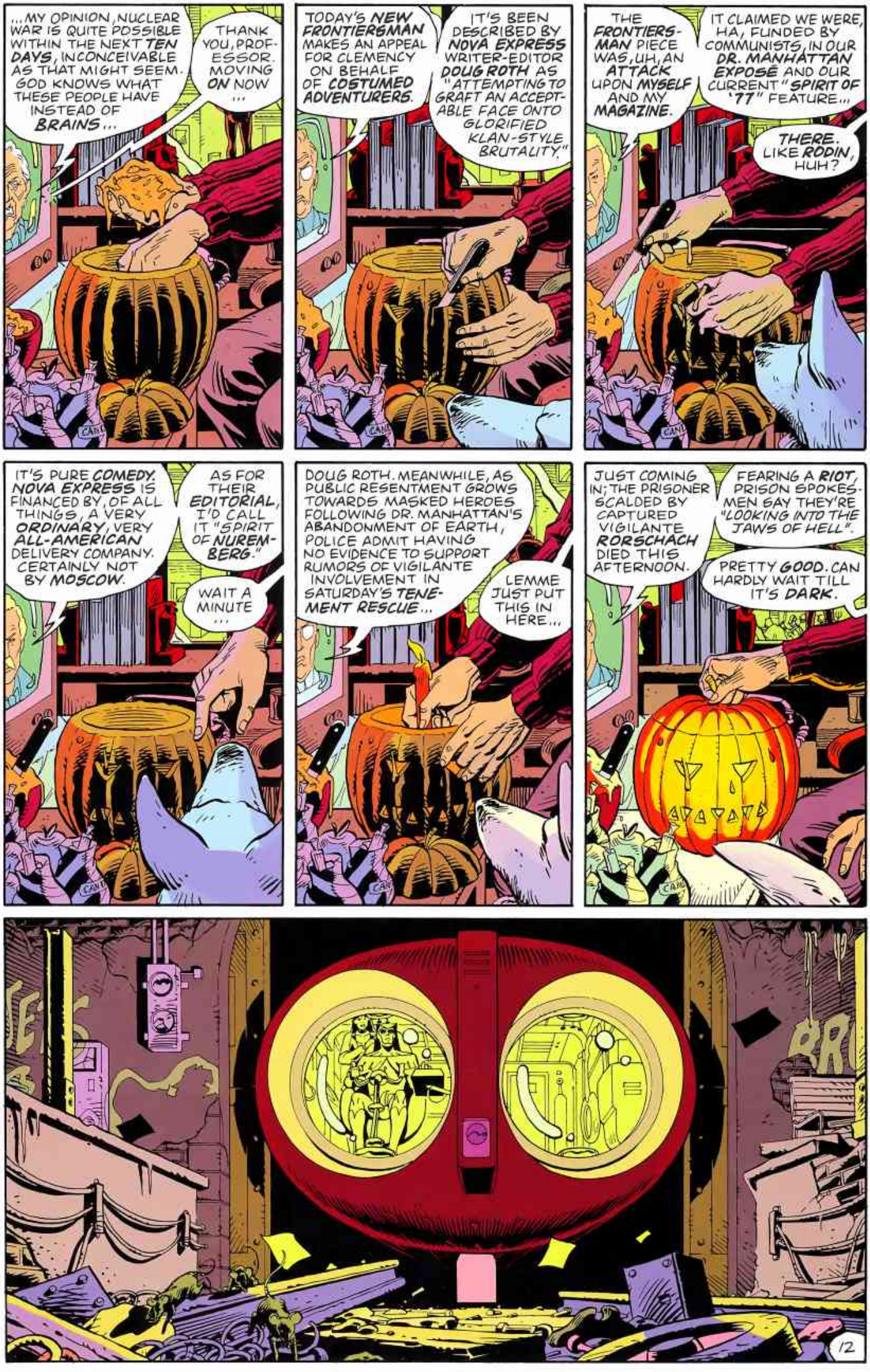
HA HA. "SMALL WORLD". I LIKE THAT. THAT'S VERY GOOD.
BUT Y'KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT. THIS IS A SMALL WORLD. I'VE BEEN IN IT NOW FOR HOW LONG IS IT, MICHAEL?
TWENTY YEARS, MR. FIGURE.
TWENTY YEARS...
IT'S A LONG TIME. YOU MUST HAVE THOUGHT YOU COULD FORGET WHAT YOU DID TO ME, YOU AND THAT OWL GUY. FUNNY, AIN'T IT, HOW...
:FFP: THANK YOU, LAWRENCE ...
...HOW THESE THINGS COME BACK TO HAUNT US?
INCIDENTALLY, THAT GUY YOU BURNED IS DYING: MAYBE TOMORROW, MAYBE THURSDAY, FRIDAY. BUT DON'T WORRY ... IT'LL NEVER REACH COURT.
YOU NEITHER.
SEE, WHEN HE CROAKS, THIS PLACE BLOWS...
... AND THEN YOU DIE BY INCHES.
TALL ORDER.
LEMME GET MULHEARNEY TO UNLOCK THIS CAGE! I WANNA TEAR THIS GUY A NEW HOLE...
NO. NOT YET, MICHAEL. I'VE WAITED TWENTY YEARS. THERE'S NO HURRY.
HE'LL GET HIS SOON ENOUGH...
...AND NOBODY IS GOING TO CARE. I HEAR EVEN HIS SHRINK RESIGNED TODAY.
YOU'RE ALONE IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW, RORSCHACH, WHERE YOUR PAST HAS A LONG REACH AND BETWEEN YOU AND IT THERE'S ONE CRUMMY LOCK.
THINK ABOUT IT.

EXCUSE ME? MY NAME'S DETECTIVE STEVEN FINE, I'M LOOKING FOR A DANIEL DREIBERG.
I'M DAN DREIBERG.
UH, YOU BETTER COME IN...
ALMOST THROUGH HERE, MR. DREIBERG. THIS BABY'LL HOLD OFF AN ARMY. SORRY WE KEPT YOU WAITING FOR THE INSTALLATION.
THAT'S OKAY. WELL, DETECTIVE, HOW CAN I HELP YOU?
EDWARD BLAKE. HOMICIDE VICTIM. YOU KNEW HIM.
UH, YES. VAGUELY.
YOU KNEW HIM WELL ENOUGH TO ATTEND HIS FUNERAL. I SAW THE PHOTOGRAPHS: YOU, ADRIAN VEIDT, DOC MANHATTAN.
YOU KEEP HEAVY COMPANY, MR. DREIBERG.
I MET BLAKE THROUGH VEIDT. I, UH, ONCE DONATED SOME MONEY TO ONE OF VEIDT'S CHARITIES.
UH-HUH.
BIG GUY, THAT BLAKE. FOR A DIPLOMAT. QUITE A HEROIC FIGURE. MAYBE HE WORKED OUT, HUH?
FUNNY... THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF "HEROIC FIGURES" IN THE NEWS LATELY: RORSCHACH CAPTURED, VEIDT SHOT AT, DOC MANHATTAN LEAVES EARTH, DAMN NEAR KICKING OFF WORLD WAR THREE...
CIGARETTE, MR. DREIBERG?
NO. THANKS. I DON'T.
TANKS MASS I EASTERN EURO
PURELY DEFENSIVE! SAY REDS.
CALIFORNIA: REAGAN URGES HARD LINE
VERY WISE.
... AND THEN THERE WAS THAT THING LAST WEEKEND. YOU READ ABOUT THAT? THAT TENEMENT FIRE?
ALL FINISHED, MR. DREIBERG. YOU GOT MAXIMUM SECURITY.
GORDIAN KNOT
UH, RIGHT. RIGHT, THANKS! I'LL SETTLE BY CHECK...
CRAZIEST STORY... THIS AIRSHIP RESCUES ALL THESE PEOPLE, HOVERING DOWN BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS. AIN'T MANY AIRSHIPS CAN DO THAT.
NO?
NO. INTERVIEWED SOME WITNESSES, BUT THE DETAILS WERE GARBLED: PILOT WORE GOGGLES; HAD A FEMALE ACCOMPLICE; PLAYED MUSIC; SERVED COFFEE...
HEY... "SWEET CHARIOT" SUGAR CUBES! ONLY COME IN CATERING PACKS, RIGHT?
UH, YES. I BELIEVE SO. WHY?
SUGAR
CATERING PACK
NO REASON.
Y'KNOW, THE ONLY SHIP I EVER HEARD OF COULD MANEUVER BETWEEN BUILDINGS BELONGED TO ONE OF THOSE MASKED ADVENTURERS THEY OUTLAWED IN '77.
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIM, NATURALLY... HE'D BE IN HIS FORTIES NOW.
8

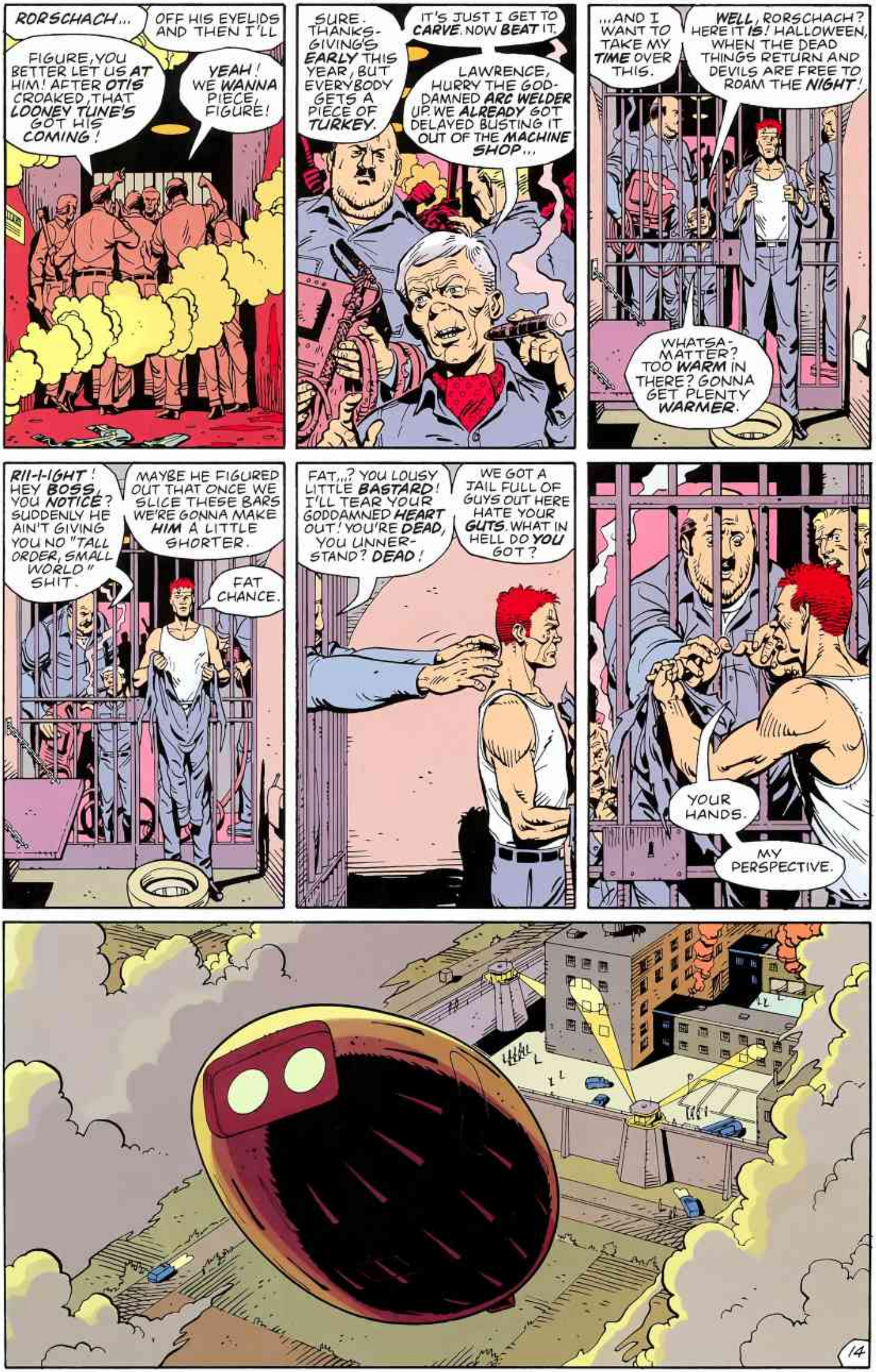
I MEAN, GUYS THAT AGE LIKE US, WE'RE UNHEALTHY. WE GET UP IN THE MORNING AND COUGH OUR LUNGS UP, WE...
NO. LISTEN, WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?
...OH, BUT THEN I FORGOT. YOU DON'T SMOKE, DO YOU?
AIN'T ABOUT NOTHING. I'M NOT EVEN ON DUTY. JUST CALLED TO SEE IF YOU KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT BLAKE.
I'M AFRAID NOT. WE WEREN'T CLOSE.
UH, THAT LEADS TO THE LUMBER ROOM. KEY'S LOST, I'M AFRAID.
NO SWEAT. I GOTTA GO, ANYWAY. SAY, I NOTICED THIS CALENDAR EARLIER. NICE OWL.
Y'KNOW, TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE HAVE CALENDARS: PEOPLE WHO PEEK AT NEXT MONTH'S PICTURE IN ADVANCE AND PEOPLE WHO DON'T. WHICH ARE YOU?
I DON'T.
YOU OUGHTTA. IT PAYS TO LOOK AHEAD.
HMM. NOVEMBER'S A HAWK TAKING A SPARROW IN FLIGHT. OMINOUS KINDA PICTURE, HUH?
AW HELL... I HOPE I DIDN'T SPOIL THE SURPRISE FOR YOU?
OH, DON'T WORRY. LIFE HAS ENOUGH SURPRISES.
I'LL BET. INCIDENTALLY, I'M SORRY FOR BORING YOU WITH THAT TALK ABOUT ADVENTURERS. IT'S A KINDA HOBBY HORSE OF MINE.
SINCE I ARRESTED RORSCHACH, THEY'VE BEEN PREYING ON MY MIND.
I MEAN, RESCUING FIRE VICTIMS, NOBODY CONDEMNS THAT, BUT IF IT WENT ANY FURTHER... IT'S LIKE NOVA EXPRESS SAYS: "SPIRIT OF '77". BRRR.
THOSE CHARACTERS: THAT DAME, THE SILK SPECTRE; WHERE'S SHE NOW, I WONDER?
...AND RORSCHACH, HEH! KNOW WHAT HE HAD IN HIS POCKETS WHEN WE COLLARED HIM?
SUGAR CUBES. WEIRD SHIT, HUH?
I'LL BE SEEING YOU, MR. DREIBERG. YOU TAKE CARE, NOW.
I WILL. GOOD EVENING, DETECTIVE.
DAN? WHO WAS THAT? I WAS JUST IN THE BATH BUT I HEARD THE LAST OF IT.
WHAT HE SAID ABOUT 1977...
WHAT DID IT MEAN?
IT MEANS TIME'S RUNNING OUT. MAYBE HE'S ALREADY CALLED ROCKEFELLER BASE. MAYBE HE ALREADY KNOWS YOU'RE HERE. SPRINGING RORSCHACH ANY LATER THAN TOMORROW ISN'T SAFE.
SUDDENLY, WE HAVE A DEADLINE.
9

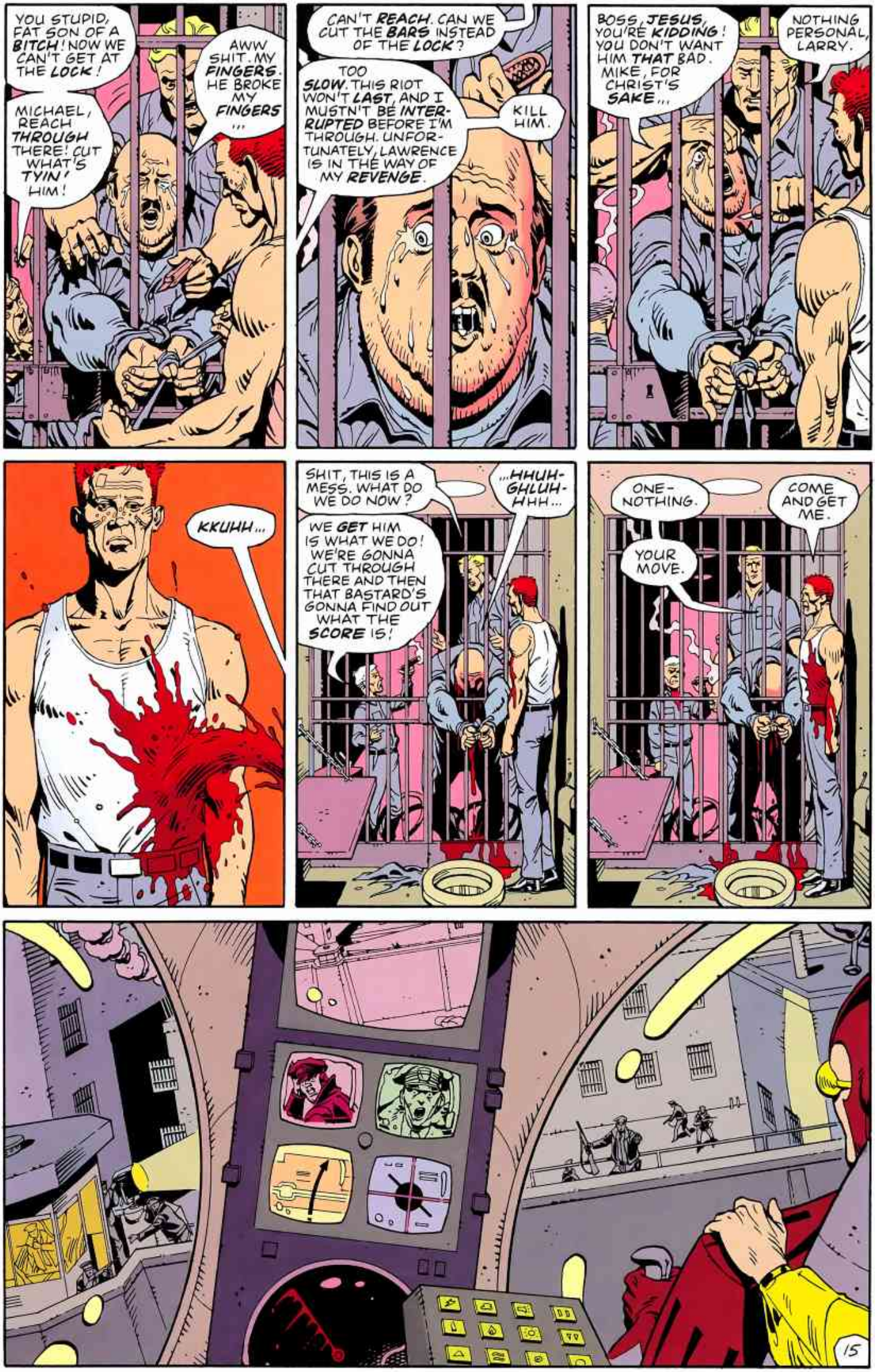

"OCTOBER... THIRTY-FIRST... NINETEEN...EIGHTY-FIVE." THERE! THAT'S ALL STRAIGHT.
UH, RIGHT HERE, MR. GODFREY...
SEYMOUR, COME ON, THIS HAS TO BE PASTED UP, PRINTED AND OUT BY THIS AFTERNOON. GIMME THE HEADLINE. WHERE'S THE PICTURES?
NEW FRONTIERSMAN
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE LIKE AN ASSHOLE, WE STILL NEED THAT FILLER IN BACK. SOMETHING OUTTA THE CRANK FILE.
Y'KNOW, THIS IS MY GREATEST HEADLINE YET. SO MUCH FOR NOVA EXPRESS: "SPIRIT OF '77". SHIT.
UH, IS THIS OKAY? IT'S ADDRESSED "TO THE PEOPLE OF THE JEWNITED STATES OF AMERICA"...
SURE, FINE, WHATEVER. WHERE THE HELL IS THAT OTHER PICTURE? THERE'S ONLY TWO HERE.
FIND IT. PLUS THE PICTURES FOR OUR 'MISSING WRITER' FOLLOW-UP...
HONOR IS LIKE THE
MY GOD, THIS PIECE IS HOT! IT CATCHES THE MOOD ON THE STREET; THE WAR PARANOIA, AND NOW ALL THIS MASKED MAN STUFF...
Y'KNOW, IT'S RUMORED A MASKED MAN PULLED THAT TENEMENT RESCUE...
I GOT 'EM.
WILL THIS PICTURE DO, OF THE WRITER? I KNOW WE USED IT BEFORE...
SEYMOUR, JUST GET OUT OF MY GODDAMNED FACE! I CAN'T SEE WHAT I'M DOING!
HUH. APPROPRIATE MATERIAL FOR THE HALLOWEEN EDITION.
HONOR IS LIKE THE HAWK...SOMETIMES IT
OKAY. THAT'S IT... LISTEN, YOU GO OUT AND GRAB LUNCH ... AND NO GUNGA DINER SHIT, NO HANKY-HEAD GARBAGE! GET ME A HAMBURGER. AN AMERICAN HAMBURGER!
MEANWHILE, I'LL GET THIS WHOLE PANTOMIME READY TO HIT THE STREETS.
HONOR IS LIKE THE HAWK...SOMETIMES IT MUST GO HOODED
10

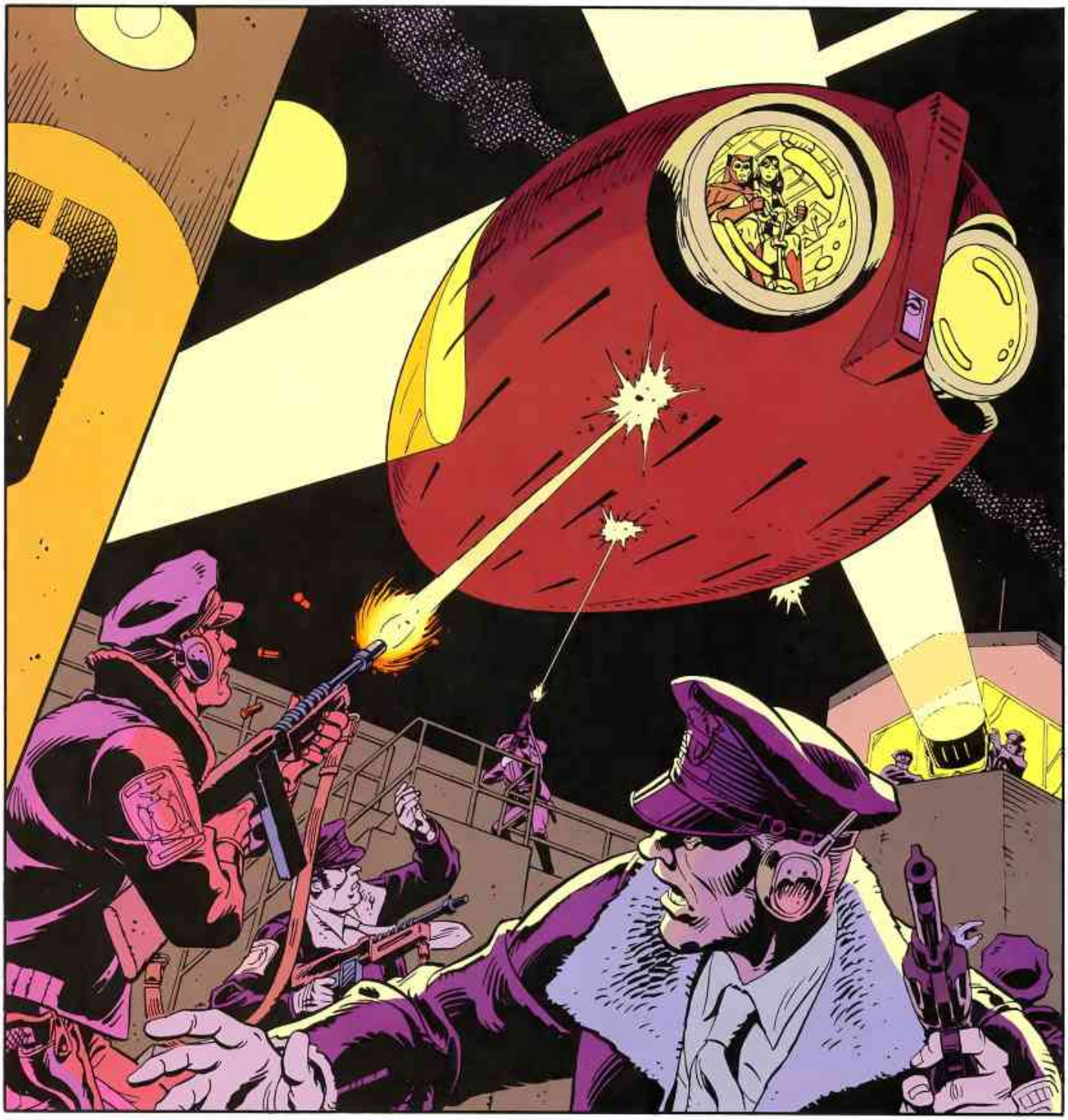

STILL SKETCHING, MS. MANISH? I THOUGHT YOU'D BE GLAD TO SEE THE BACK OF THE DAMNED THING.
I AM. I JUST NEEDED SOME FINAL STUDIES OF THE FACIAL ASSEMBLY.
YOU'RE BLOCKING MY LIGHT.
OH, I'M SORRY. PLEASE EXCUSE AN OLD DRUNK WHO'S JUST OUT ADMIRING THE COAST OF MOSQUITOES AND DAYDREAMING ABOUT GETTING BACK TO THE MAINLAND. THREE MORE DAYS...
HOW CAN YOU DRAW IT UNDER THAT TARPAULIN?
THEY LIFTED IT FOR ME TO SEE THE BEAK STRUCTURE.
IT'S BEAUTIFUL WORK. I HOPE THEY KEEP IT PROPERLY REFRIGERATED ON ITS VOYAGE. IF IT DECAYS...
FPP! OH, IT'S PLENTY COLD ENOUGH WHERE THAT'S HEADED.
A LOT COLDER THAN WHERE I'M HEADED WHEN I LEAVE HERE.
I TELLYA, THIS PLACE... GODDAMNED PARANOID MOVIE COMPANIES! IT'S BEEN LIKE BEING SHIPWRECKED. I REMEMBER, I WROTE THIS STORY ONCE...
MORE PLEASANT THAN YOUR CURRENT ONE, I HOPE. ILLUSTRATING THAT SEQUENCE WHERE THE YOUNG CHEW THEIR WAY OUT OF THEIR MOTHER'S WOMB WAS QUITE AN EXPERIENCE.
THERE. FINISHED. SHALL WE GO AND WAVE OUR BABY GOODBYE, MR. SHEA?
BABY? HA! IF THAT'S ANY BABY OF MINE THERE'S JUST GOTTA BE A MORE ENJOYABLE WAY OF MAKING 'EM!
OKAY, C'MON... WE'LL GO CHECK FOR A FAMILY RESEMBLANCE. LET'S GIVE THE TYKE A FINAL ONCE-OVER.
MANISH 10/31/85


...MY OPINION, NUCLEAR WAR IS QUITE POSSIBLE WITHIN THE NEXT TEN DAYS, INCONCEIVABLE AS THAT MIGHT SEEM. GOD KNOWS WHAT THESE PEOPLE HAVE INSTEAD OF BRAINS...
THANK YOU, PROFESSOR. MOVING ON NOW ...
TODAY'S NEW FRONTIERSMAN MAKES AN APPEAL FOR CLEMENCY ON BEHALF OF COSTUMED ADVENTURERS.
IT'S BEEN DESCRIBED BY NOVA EXPRESS WRITER-EDITOR DOUG ROTH AS "ATTEMPTING TO GRAFT AN ACCEPTABLE FACE ONTO GLORIFIED KLAN-STYLE BRUTALITY."
THE FRONTIERSMAN PIECE WAS, UH, AN ATTACK UPON MYSELF AND MY MAGAZINE.
IT CLAIMED WE WERE, HA, FUNDED BY COMMUNISTS, IN OUR DR. MANHATTAN EXPOSÉ AND OUR CURRENT "SPIRIT OF '77" FEATURE...
THERE. LIKE RODIN, HUH?
IT'S PURE COMEDY. NOVA EXPRESS IS FINANCED BY, OF ALL THINGS, A VERY ORDINARY, VERY ALL-AMERICAN DELIVERY COMPANY. CERTAINLY NOT BY MOSCOW.
AS FOR THEIR EDITORIAL, I'D CALL IT "SPIRIT OF NUREMBERG."
WAIT A MINUTE ...
DOUG ROTH. MEANWHILE, AS PUBLIC RESENTMENT GROWS TOWARDS MASKED HEROES FOLLOWING DR. MANHATTAN'S ABANDONMENT OF EARTH, POLICE ADMIT HAVING NO EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT RUMORS OF VIGILANTE INVOLVEMENT IN SATURDAY'S TENEMENT RESCUE...
LEMME JUST PUT THIS IN HERE...
JUST COMING IN; THE PRISONER SCALDED BY CAPTURED VIGILANTE RORSCHACH DIED THIS AFTERNOON.
FEARING A RIOT, PRISON SPOKESMEN SAY THEY'RE "LOOKING INTO THE JAWS OF HELL".
PRETTY GOOD. CAN HARDLY WAIT TILL IT'S DARK.

GAZETTE? SORRY, PAL... SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE, YOU WANNA WAIT.
BEEN TO THE UTOPIA? THOSE OLD MOVIES... RAVES OUTTA THE GRAVE, RIGHT?
NEWS
PINK TRIANGLE LIVE
IN MY RAVINGS, DESPERATE FOR COMPANY IT SEEMED I CONVERSED WITH MY PERISHED SHIPMATES.
YEAH, THIS SPACE GUY COMES TO WARN EVERY-BODY ABOUT NUCULER WAR...
TEN DAYS. ON T.V. THEY SAID TEN DAYS! JESUS, DERF, GIMME SOME KATIES! I WANNA GET CRAZY.
PALE HORSE
THEIR VOICES SPOKE FROM BENEATH THE RAFT; THICK; BUBBLING...
HI. GIMME A GAZETTE. I WANNA LOOK IN APARTMENTS TO RENT. I BUSTED UP WITH ALINE.
UH, HI, JOEY. JOEY THE GAZETTE AIN'T ARRIVED...
THESE SUPERFAGS ...THEY'RE THE GUYS I HATE.
DERF...
THE CONVER-SATION OF THE DEAD: DREARY, BITTER, END-LESSLY SAD...
HEY!
THAT MANHATTAN GUY... IT'S HIM WHO BROUGHT ALL THIS DOWN. AND THAT TENE-MENT RESCUE. I HEARD...
DERF, I KNOW YOU GOT SOME, YOU BASTARD...
INTERMINABLE BAD NEWS FROM MOUTHS WHEREIN THE LITTLE FISHES DART.
HI. HERE THEY ARE...
HEY, GIMME ONE OF THOSE!
...I HEARD THAT WAS SUPERHEROES TOO. IT'S LIKE THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX!
SEVENTY-SEVEN. GIMME THOSE KATIES...
WE TALKED TOGETHER, MY ROTTED FELLOWS AND I...
...OF LIFE, AND ITS ENDINGS. OF THE TERRIBLE SENTENCE UPON US ALL.
OH JESUS. SEE THIS? "SING-SING ERUPTS: CAPTURED VIGILANTE SPARKS RIOT: FIVE DEAD."
WELL, I GUESS THAT'S IT. I GUESS THE BALLOON'S GONE UP.
13

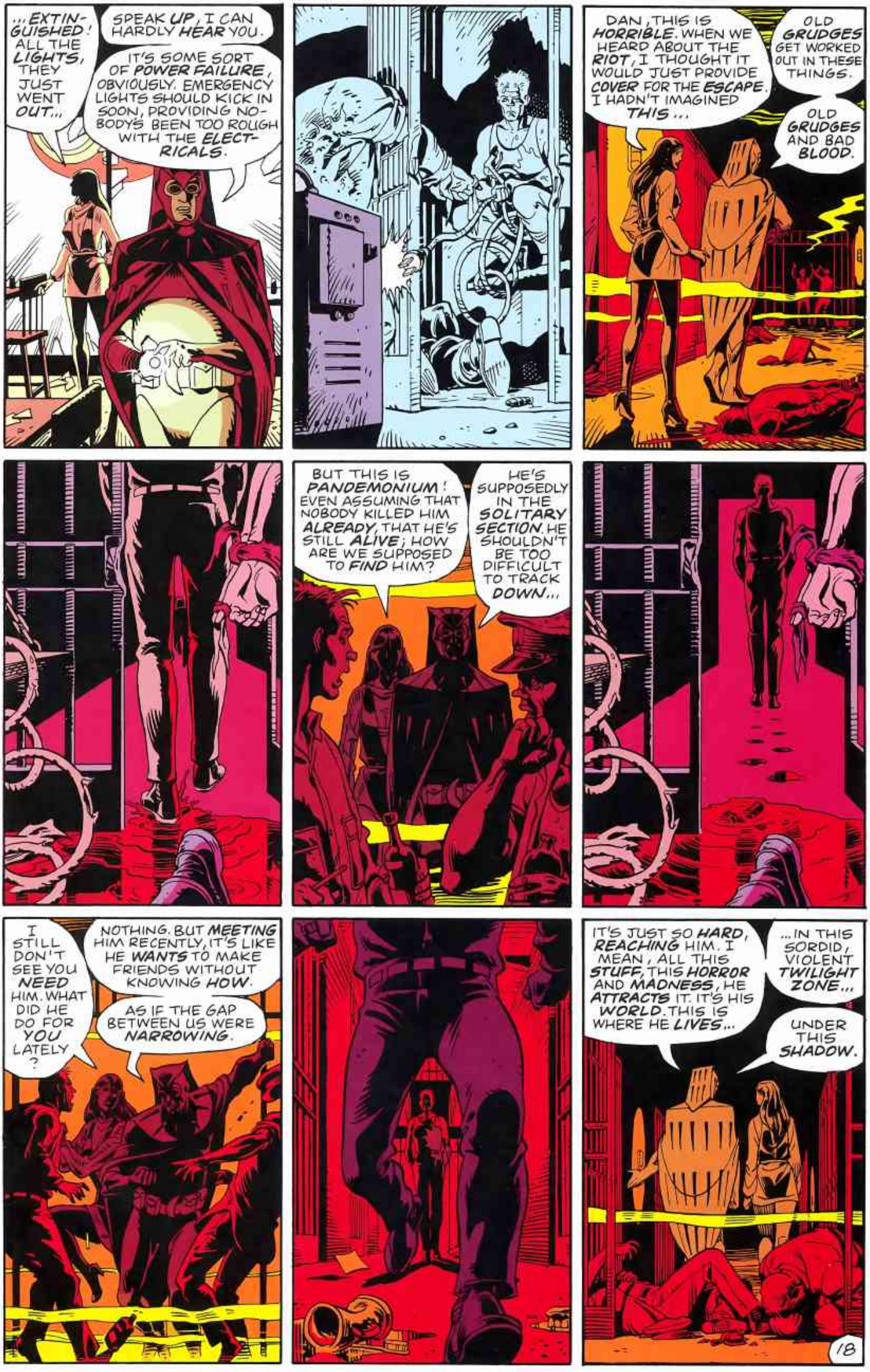

RORSCHACH... OFF HIS EYELIDS AND THEN I'LL
FIGURE, YOU BETTER LET US AT HIM! AFTER OTIS CROAKED, THAT LOONEY TUNE'S GOT HIS COMING!
YEAH! WE WANNA PIECE, FIGURE!
SURE. THANKS-GIVING'S EARLY THIS YEAR, BUT EVERYBODY GETS A PIECE OF TURKEY.
IT'S JUST I GET TO CARVE. NOW BEAT IT.
LAWRENCE, HURRY THE GOD-DAMNED ARC WELDER UP. WE ALREADY GOT DELAYED BUSTING IT OUT OF THE MACHINE SHOP...
...AND I WANT TO TAKE MY TIME OVER THIS.
WELL, RORSCHACH? HERE IT IS! HALLOWEEN, WHEN THE DEAD THINGS RETURN AND DEVILS ARE FREE TO ROAM THE NIGHT!
WHATSA-MATTER? TOO WARM IN THERE? GONNA GET PLENTY WARMER.
RII-I-IGHT! HEY BOSS, YOU NOTICE? SUDDENLY HE AIN'T GIVING YOU NO "TALL ORDER, SMALL WORLD" SHIT.
MAYBE HE FIGURED OUT THAT ONCE WE SLICE THESE BARS WE'RE GONNA MAKE HIM A LITTLE SHORTER.
FAT CHANCE.
FAT...? YOU LOUSY LITTLE BASTARD! I'LL TEAR YOUR GODDAMNED HEART OUT! YOU'RE DEAD, YOU UNNER-STAND? DEAD!
WE GOT A JAIL FULL OF GUYS OUT HERE HATE YOUR GUTS. WHAT IN HELL DO YOU GOT?
YOUR HANDS.
MY PERSPECTIVE.


YOU STUPID, FAT SON OF A BITCH! NOW WE CAN'T GET AT THE LOCK!
AWW SHIT. MY FINGERS. HE BROKE MY FINGERS ...
MICHAEL, REACH THROUGH THERE! CUT WHAT'S TYIN' HIM!
CAN'T REACH. CAN WE CUT THE BARS INSTEAD OF THE LOCK?
TOO SLOW. THIS RIOT WON'T LAST, AND I MUSTN'T BE INTERRUPTED BEFORE I'M THROUGH. UNFORTUNATELY, LAWRENCE IS IN THE WAY OF MY REVENGE.
KILL HIM.
BOSS, JESUS, YOU'RE KIDDING! YOU DON'T WANT HIM THAT BAD. MIKE, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE...
NOTHING PERSONAL, LARRY.
KKUHH...
SHIT, THIS IS A MESS. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE GET HIM IS WHAT WE DO! WE'RE GONNA CUT THROUGH THERE AND THEN THAT BASTARD'S GONNA FIND OUT WHAT THE SCORE IS!
...HHUH-GHLUH-HHH...
ONE-NOTHING.
COME AND GET ME.
YOUR MOVE.
15



LOOK... CONVICTS. WE'RE IN THE OCCUPIED SECTION.
HOW DID YOU TALK ME INTO THIS? THIS IS GETTING SCARY...
DON'T WORRY. PUT IN YOUR EARPLUGS SO WE CAN HIT THE GROUND RUNNING. I'M TURNING ON THE SCREECHERS NOW...

ALMOST IN...
JEEZ, THIS SMELL, IT'S PRETTY OBNOXIOUS ... AND DO YOU HEAR THAT SORTA SCREAMING, LIKE A SIREN?
IGNORE IT! JUST OPEN THE DOOR SO I CAN SMELL THIS SON OF A BITCH COOKING!
OH YEAH. OH, FOR SURE. ANY SECOND.
AW, LOOK, HE'S CLIMBIN' UP ON HIS BUNK, LIKE A LITTLE KID. ANY TIME NOW HE'S GONNA CRY. SHIT, I LOVE IT WHEN THEY DO THAT...
JUST HURRY.
HA! THERE IT IS! THERE SHE GOES!
I GOT YOU, YOU RUNTY LITTLE BASTARD!
YOU'RE GONNA BE HAMBURGER! YOU'RE GONNA BE SMOKED MEAT, YOU STINKING, LOUSY...
...LITTLE...
HURRM. NEVER DISPOSED OF SEWAGE WITH TOILET BEFORE. OBVIOUS, REALLY.
TWO-NOTHING.
YOUR MOVE.
17


...EXTINGUISHED! ALL THE LIGHTS, THEY JUST WENT OUT...
SPEAK UP, I CAN HARDLY HEAR YOU.
IT'S SOME SORT OF POWER FAILURE, OBVIOUSLY. EMERGENCY LIGHTS SHOULD KICK IN SOON, PROVIDING NOBODY'S BEEN TOO ROUGH WITH THE ELECTRICALS.
DAN, THIS IS HORRIBLE. WHEN WE HEARD ABOUT THE RIOT, I THOUGHT IT WOULD JUST PROVIDE COVER FOR THE ESCAPE. I HADN'T IMAGINED THIS...
OLD GRUDGES GET WORKED OUT IN THESE THINGS.
OLD GRUDGES AND BAD BLOOD.
BUT THIS IS PANDEMONIUM! EVEN ASSUMING THAT NOBODY KILLED HIM ALREADY, THAT HE'S STILL ALIVE; HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIND HIM?
HE'S SUPPOSEDLY IN THE SOLITARY SECTION. HE SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT TO TRACK DOWN...
I STILL DON'T SEE YOU NEED HIM. WHAT DID HE DO FOR YOU LATELY?
NOTHING. BUT MEETING HIM RECENTLY, IT'S LIKE HE WANTS TO MAKE FRIENDS WITHOUT KNOWING HOW.
AS IF THE GAP BETWEEN US WERE NARROWING.
IT'S JUST SO HARD, REACHING HIM. I MEAN, ALL THIS STUFF, THIS HORROR AND MADNESS, HE ATTRACTS IT. IT'S HIS WORLD. THIS IS WHERE HE LIVES...
...IN THIS SORDID, VIOLENT TWILIGHT ZONE...
UNDER THIS SHADOW.

WELL? DID WE FIND THE RIGHT CELL? IS HE THERE?
FROM THE SMELL THIS WHOLE PLACE HAS HIS STAMP ON IT.

NO. NO, HE ISN'T HERE...
...BUT I THINK HE'S BEEN HERE.
COME ON. IF WE DON'T FIND HIM SOON, OUR WHOLE PLAN IS IN THE TOILET.

MEN'S ROOM

ALONG HERE, MAYBE?
I DON'T KNOW. IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME SIGN...

MEN'S ROOM

HEY! IS THAT HIM ALONG THERE? THERE WAS THAT PICTURE IN THE PAPERS, HIM WITHOUT HIS MASK...
I--I'M NOT SURE. IT LOOKS LIKE HIS POSTURE ...
HEY, RORSCHACH?

RORSCHACH? IS THAT...? YES, YES, IT'S YOU.
COME ON, MAN. WE CAME TO BUST YOU OUT AND WE BETTER HURRY BEFORE, UH...
UH, WE'RE NOT INTERRUPTING ANYTHING?

NO.
EXCUSE ME. HAVE TO VISIT MEN'S ROOM.
OH, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE ...
UH, LOOK, IT'S OKAY. I MEAN, IT HAPPENS TO EVERYBODY, RIGHT?
I REMEMBER ONCE I LOST A BIG ARREST LIKE THAT...
I WAS CLOSING ON THIS DOPE DEALER AND I NEEDED TO TAKE A LEAK. BY THE TIME I'D GOT IN AND OUT OF MY COSTUME, HE'D VANISHED.
I RE-DESIGNED IT SINCE THEN.
OH, SURE. EVERY-BODY'S DONE THAT...
WHAT PISSES ME OFF, WE CAME TO RESCUE HIM, HE DOESN'T EVEN THANK US! DOESN'T EVEN SAY HELLO!
HELL, WHAT'S HE DOING IN THERE? THAT BUMPING...
IT'S OKAY... I THINK I JUST HEARD HIM FLUSH ...
AT LAST!
SHHH.
THERE. DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE. CAN LEAVE NOW.
REALLY? I MEAN, ARE YOU SURE? WE DON'T WANT TO GET TOO RECKLESS AND GO DIVING HEAD-FIRST INTO THINGS!
HURM.
GOOD ADVICE.
SURE THERE ARE MANY WHO'D AGREE WITH YOU.
20

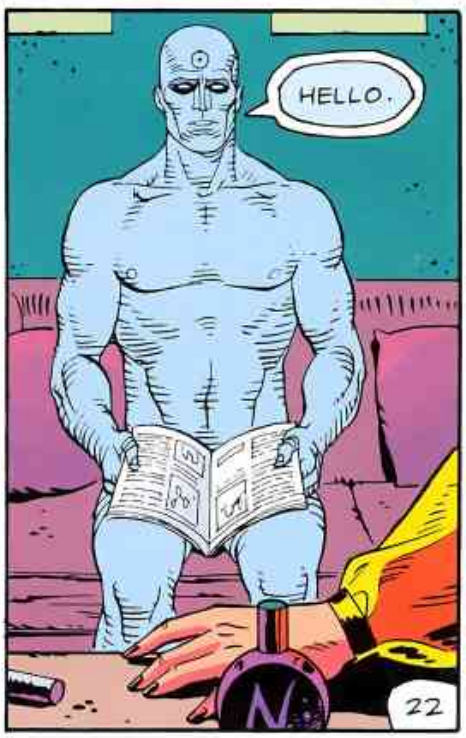
INCIDENTALLY, GOOD SEEING YOU IN UNIFORM, DANIEL. LIKE OLD TIMES.
AND MISS JUSPECZYK. ALTHOUGH NEVER LIKED YOUR UNIFORM. NOTHING PERSONAL.
UH, MAYBE I BETTER KILL THE SCREECHERS SO ARCHIE DOESN'T DEAFEN YOU WHEN I BRING HIM UP.
HURRM. OWLSHIP. SCREECHERS. BELT CONSOLE. ALL THE OLD TOYS. I REMEMBER.
WHAT BROUGHT YOU OUT OF RETIREMENT? TAKING MASK KILLER SERIOUSLY AT LAST?
WELL...
NO. LEAST-WAYS, I'M NOT.
NO? BUT THEN YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ATTACKED YET. FUNNY. MOST EVERYONE ELSE HAS.
RORSCHACH, FOR GOD'S SAKE, MAN, DON'T YOU EVER LET UP? SHE JUST RESCUED YOU...
WHAT'S HE IMPLYING? I JUST DON'T BUY THIS CONSPIRACY IS ALL!
I MEAN, TO ME, THIS WHOLE SITUATION'S GROTESQUE. DAN THOUGHT SPRINGING YOU MIGHT HELP; I PLAYED ALONG.
FRANKLY, I WISH I HADN'T. I WISH JON WAS HERE TO STRAIGHTEN EVERY-THING AND...
OH, DAN, I'M SORRY.
FORGET IT. HERE'S ARCHIE...
HURRY. WITHOUT THE SCREECHERS KEEPING FOLK AWAY WE'LL SOON START DRAWING FIRE.
ALSO, I WANT TO VISIT MY PLACE ONE LAST TIME BEFORE THIS CAPER BRINGS THE POLICE DOWN ON IT. THERE'S EQUIP-MENT TO COLLECT.
Y'KNOW, THIS IS GETTING HEAVY. AS DAN DREIBERG, YOU'LL BE WANTED.
THE WORLD SHOULD LAST SO LONG. NO, IT'S OKAY. I SET UP EMERGENCY IDENTITIES YEARS AGO. THEY'LL CONCEAL US.
HOLD TIGHT. WE'RE GOING HOME TO ROOST...
21

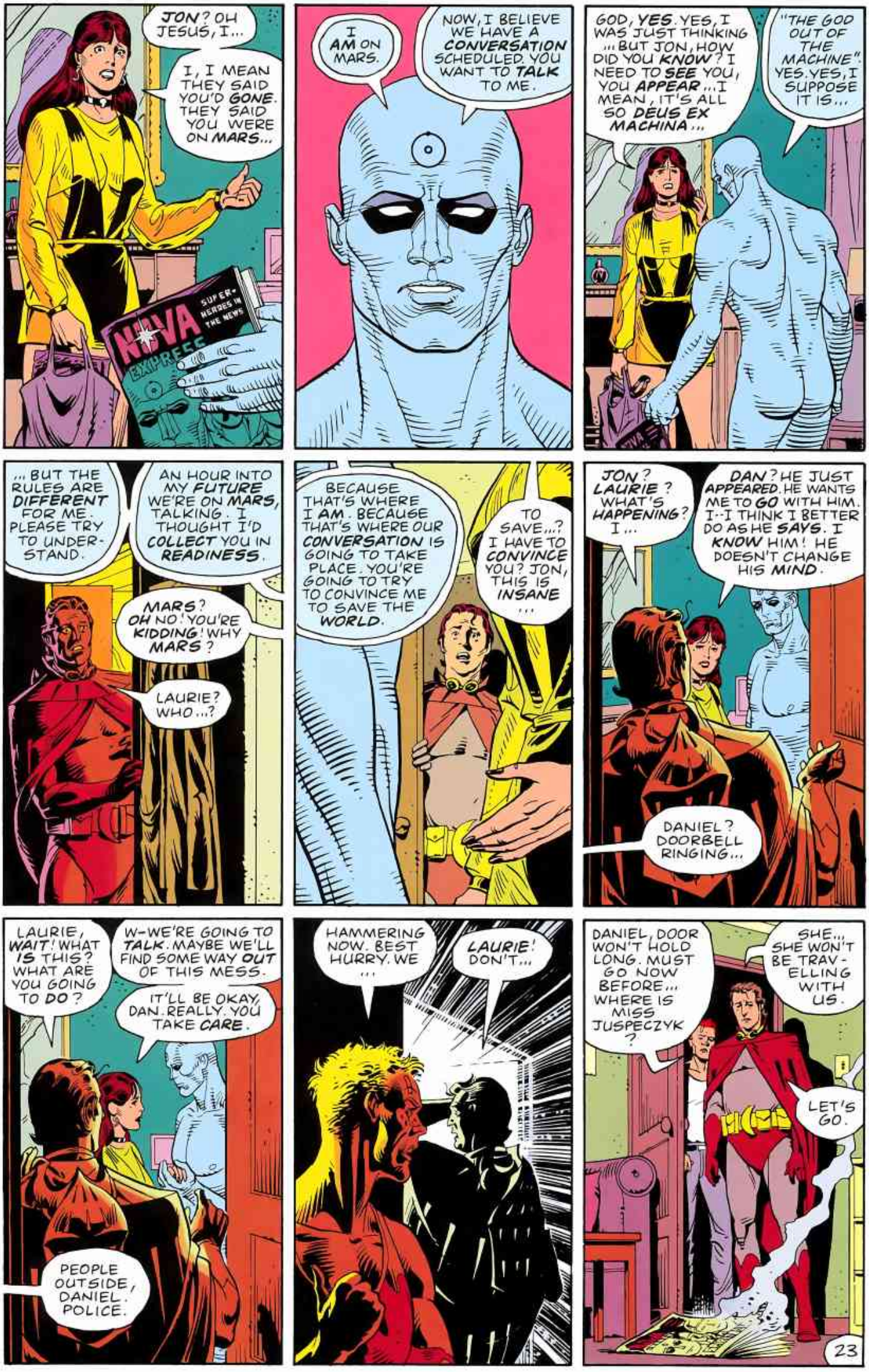
NOVEMBER
M T W T F S S
1 2 3
4 5 6 7 8 9
11 12 13 14 15 16
18 19 20 21 22 23 2
25 26 27 28 29 30

OKAY, THAT'S EVERYTHING FROM UP HERE, BUT I HAVE SOME STUFF TO LOAD DOWN IN THE BASEMENT, SO ...
UH, LAURIE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CHANGING YOUR CALENDAR. ANOTHER HOUR, IT'LL BE NOVEMBER.

YOU SOUND UPSET. IS EVERYTHING OKAY?
YEAH. IT'S JUST STUFF CATCHING UP WITH ME ...THE JAILBREAK, THIS WAR THING ...EVERYTHING'S JUST SO SHITTY.
GUESS I WANT SOMEBODY TO WAVE A WAND AND MAKE IT ALL BETTER, Y'KNOW?

...BUT THERE'S NOBODY WHO CAN DO THAT, IS THERE?
LISTEN, I HAVE TO COLLECT SOME JUNK FROM THE LIVING ROOM... STUFF MY MOTHER INSISTED I HAVE, PERSONAL EFFECTS AND LIKE THAT...
BE RIGHT WITH YOU.


HELLO.
22


JON? OH JESUS, I...
I, I MEAN THEY SAID YOU'D GONE. THEY SAID YOU WERE ON MARS...
NOVA EXPRESS
SUPER-HEROES IN THE NEWS
I AM ON MARS.
NOW, I BELIEVE WE HAVE A CONVERSATION SCHEDULED. YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME.
GOD, YES. YES, I WAS JUST THINKING ... BUT JON, HOW DID YOU KNOW? I NEED TO SEE YOU, YOU APPEAR ... I MEAN, IT'S ALL SO DEUS EX MACHINA ...
"THE GOD OUT OF THE MACHINE". YES. YES, I SUPPOSE IT IS...
... BUT THE RULES ARE DIFFERENT FOR ME. PLEASE TRY TO UNDERSTAND.
AN HOUR INTO MY FUTURE WE'RE ON MARS, TALKING. I THOUGHT I'D COLLECT YOU IN READINESS.
MARS? OH NO! YOU'RE KIDDING! WHY MARS?
LAURIE? WHO ...?
BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE I AM. BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE OUR CONVERSATION IS GOING TO TAKE PLACE. YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO CONVINCE ME TO SAVE THE WORLD.
TO SAVE...? I HAVE TO CONVINCE YOU? JON, THIS IS INSANE ...
JON? LAURIE? WHAT'S HAPPENING? I ...
DAN? HE JUST APPEARED. HE WANTS ME TO GO WITH HIM. I--I THINK I BETTER DO AS HE SAYS. I KNOW HIM! HE DOESN'T CHANGE HIS MIND.
DANIEL? DOORBELL RINGING...
LAURIE, WAIT! WHAT IS THIS? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
W-WE'RE GOING TO TALK. MAYBE WE'LL FIND SOME WAY OUT OF THIS MESS.
IT'LL BE OKAY, DAN. REALLY. YOU TAKE CARE.
PEOPLE OUTSIDE, DANIEL. POLICE.
HAMMERING NOW. BEST HURRY. WE ...
LAURIE! DON'T...
DANIEL, DOOR WON'T HOLD LONG. MUST GO NOW BEFORE... WHERE IS MISS JUSPECZYK?
SHE... SHE WON'T BE TRAVELLING WITH US.
LET'S GO.
23

COME ON, THE PLACE IS LIT UP, THEY COULD STILL BE HERE...
THEY BETTER BE! STEVE, YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU KNEW DREIBERG WAS THIS OWL-MAN AND YOU NEVER...
I MADE A MISTAKE, THOUGHT A WARNING WOULD BE ENOUGH. HELL, I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS PLANNING HIS PAL'S ESCAPE...
DOWN THOSE STAIRS! I KNEW HE HAD SOMETHING HIDDEN BACK THERE FROM HIS ATTITUDE...
STEVE, IF THOSE GUYS AREN'T DOWN THERE, YOU BETTER START THINKING ABOUT THE CAPTAIN'S ATTITUDE.
IT AIN'T GONNA BE SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.
I'LL BE DAMNED.
OH SURE.
AT THE VERY LEAST.
24

OUR DAMNATION: IT OBSESSED THE SODDEN DEAD, DOMINATING THEIR BUBBLING DIALOGUES.
FUH-FIRST, THERE'LL BE THIS BIG FLASH...
AY! DERF!
YEAH! AN' IT'S HIS FAULT, DR. BLUE ASS MANHATTAN!
THEY SPOKE OF A HEAVEN, WHERE ONCE WE ALL LIVED AND DIED, SENTENCED FOR OUR SINS TO THIS PANDEMONIUM WE CALL THE WORLD.
...AND THEN THERE'S THIS TERRIBLE NOISE...
AY, DERF, ON THE RADIO, YOU HEAR WHAT WENT DOWN?
I HEARD ABOUT THE RIOT...
OLD NEWS. SOME SUPER DUPERS SPRUNG THAT BLOT-FACE GUY.
...AND, OH THE FASTEST WIND...
TRULY, LIFE IS HELL AND DEATH'S ROUGH HAND OUR ONLY DELIVERANCE.
SPRUNG HIM? THOSE BASTARDS, THEY DO WHATEVER THEY LIKE!
YEAH, SOME OWL CHARACTER DID IT...
NITE OWL? MY DAD KNOWS HIM... LIVES OVER SOME GARAGE NEAR HERE. WE OUGHTTA GO KICK HIS ASS!
...AND THEN THE SHOCKWAVE...
YEAH! KICK ASS! GREAT CONCEPT. I SAY RUN WITH IT, GIVE HIM HELL...
I COULD ENDURE NO MORE. THOUGH DREADING SUCH A BLACK, BREATHLESS END, I LEAPT, FEET FIRST INTO HORROR...
..THE SKY, BURNING...
FEET FIRST INTO COLD AND DANK MORTALITY.
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, TAKE IT SOME PLACE ELSE, YOU GODDAMN KATIE HEADS. WHO NEEDS IT? MOBS IN THE STREET, GUYS RUNNIN' AN' YELLIN'...
JUST LIKE OLD TIMES.
Nostalgia
by VEIDT
ghost of you clings...
W! 86 BUICKS! NOW!
HERE!
25

...BUT THE WATER'S SURFACE SEEMED AS STONE BENEATH MY TIMBER-BLISTERED SOLES, AND THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS REFUSED TO SWALLOW ME.
WHAT NEW TORTURE WAS THIS? I STOOD UPON THE CALM SEA, A CHARNEL MESSIAH, UNABLE TO SINK BENEATH IT TO THE OBLIVION I CRAVED.
WHEN WOULD MY SUFFERING CEASE? WHEN WOULD DEATH DEIGN TO CALL UPON ME? HAD HIS TERRIBLE SHADOW PASSED ME BY?
I LIFTED MY UNCOMPREHENDING EYES TO THE HEAVENS...
...AND SAW INSTEAD THE EARTH.
ACCUSTOMED TO A MISERABLE SHIFTING LANDSCAPE OF IRON GREEN, MY MIND COULD NOT AT FIRST GRASP THE MEANING OF THIS SANDBAR, BLOND AND SOLID.
IT MEANT THAT MY LURCHING JOURNEY THROUGH DARKNESS WAS ENDED.
IT MEANT THAT I HAD REACHED MY DESTINATION.
DIED
E FIX 'EM!
OBSOLETE MODELS A SPECIALTY
THEY'D LEFT ME FOR DEAD, THE FIENDS WHO'D DOUBTLESS BUTCHERED MY KIN, BUT NOW I WAS RETURNED, UPON MY CORPSE BOAT...
A TERROR THEY'D IMAGINED THEMSELVES SAFE FROM...
A SPECTRE OF REVENGE, RIDING THE FLOW TIDE HOME.
MASON'S AUTO REPAIRS
WHO WATCHES
26

HEH.
OKAY, OKAY, I HEAR YA... YOU CAN QUIT BANGING.
JUST GIVE ME A MOMENT HERE. LEMME SEE... APPLES, CANDY... THAT'S IT, I GUESS.
ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, I HEAR YA. I'M COMING.
THERE. HAPPY HALLOWEEN, KIDS. I...
"AAK! YOU OLD SON OF A BITCH, YOU HIT ME! YOU..."
"GET THE DOG! SOMEBODY GET THE DOG!"
"WATCH OUT, HE'S TRYING TO GET UP..."
"DERF, JESUS, LOOK THIS IS AN OLD GUY. WE OUGHTTA SPLIT BEFORE..."
"SPLIT? WHATSA-MATTER, CAN'T YOU JERKS DO ANYTHIN' WITH-OUT I SHOW YOU HOW? GIMME SOME-THIN' HEAVY..."
"HEY! HEY, GRANPA! HEADS UP!"
"TRY AN' PUT A BRAVE FACE ON THIS..."
ATTITUDE
UNDER THE HOOD
PHILIP WYLIE
GLADIATOR

DERF? DERF, WHAT DID YOU DO? THESE KATIES, I CAN'T ...
SHUT UP. WE'RE FINISHED HERE.
BUT DERF, I MEAN, SHIT, MAN, LOOK AT THE GUY! YOU...
I SAID WE'RE FINISHED HERE. LET'S GO.

AUTO REPAIRS
MR. MASON? IT'S US, SAME AS LAST YEAR. WERE THOSE GUYS WHO JUST LEFT FRIENDS OF YOURS?
MR. MASON? HEY, C'MON. TRICK OR TREAT?

On Hallowe'en the old ghosts come about us, and they speak to some; to others they are dumb.

—*Hallowe'en*
Eleanor Farjeon

TRIM ON LEFT SPREAD

SAFETY

BANNER

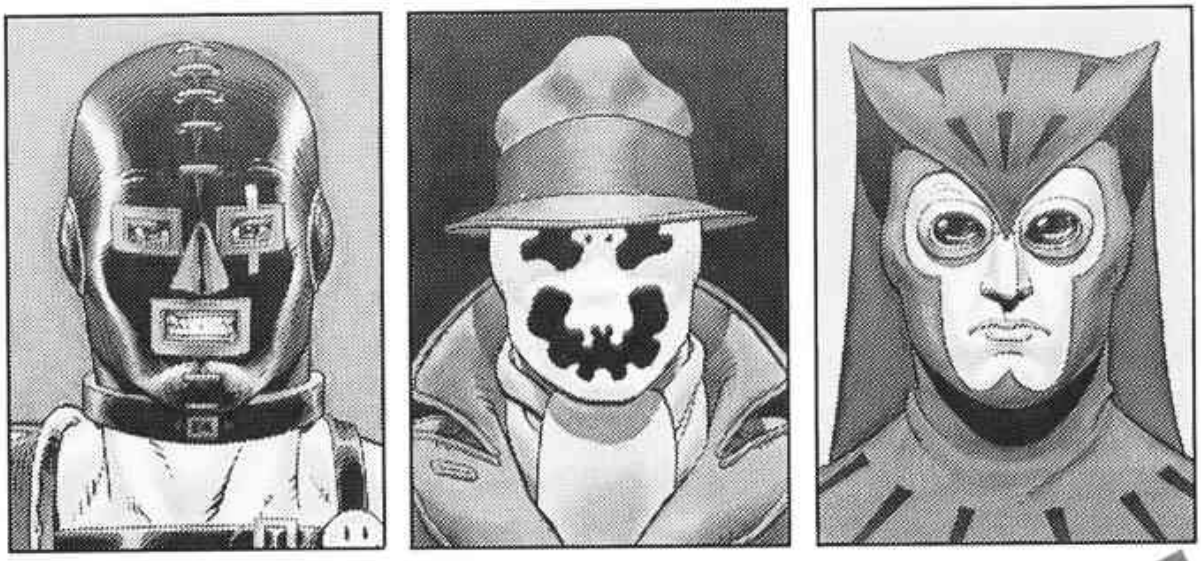
Thursday, October 31st, 1985

50 cents

NEW FRONTIERSMAN

Issue IVII
No. 21

HONOR IS LIKE THE HAWK: SOMETIMES IT MUST GO HOODED



Hector Godfrey, *Editor*

RED ARMAGEDDON!

In this, the eleventh hour, with the world poised on the brink of Red Armageddon, it is vital that we, as a nation, should rally around those symbols that are closest to the great, warm, red-white-and-blue beating heart of this beleaguered country. They are our hope and our inspiration, the legends that urge our people onward even in times of deepest crisis.

Would our sense of national identity, our pride, our sense of honor; would these things be so enduring were it not for such great symbols of freedom as Paul Revere's midnight ride, or the Alamo, or the Gettysburg address? I think not. And yet, it seems there are those who, even in the dire adversity that besets us, see fit to ridicule and deride the very notions that have made America what she is today!

cont. on pg. 2

TRIM ON LEFT SPREAD SAFETY

Honor is like . . . (cont.)

WHO THE HELL DO THEY THINK THEY ARE?

For any citizen who has been watching the newsstands over this last, unbearable month, there can be little doubt who I am referring to. In the current edition of pseudo-intellectual Marxist-brat rock-star monthly *Nova Express*, cocaine-advocating editor DOUGLAS ROTH makes a vitriolic and unfounded attack upon the tradition of the masked lawman in our culture and attempts to stir up old prejudices and hatreds into a bloody wave of civil disorder.

It is hardly necessary for me to remind readers that in a previous edition of his inflammatory publication, Roth had spearheaded the cancer-smear character assassination of Dr. Manhattan. This wild and hysterical attack led to our country's greatest tactical asset leaving this world for self-imposed exile upon another. Ultimately, it may lead to searing nuclear apocalypse or our subjugation as a nation beneath the cossack boot of the U.S.S.R.

Nova Express, heaping libel upon libel, has followed up this potentially catastrophic feature with an article in its current edition that attempts to draw tenuous links between recent news items involving former masked adventurers and work them into some wild-eyed conspiracy theory, apparently forgetting that most of the "news items" involved were generated as a direct result of *Nova Express* and its irresponsible scaremongering! Roth refers gloatingly in his article to the fact that back copies of the *New Frontiersman* were found in the rented apartment of captured vigilante Rorschach after his arrest, citing this as "proof" of the aforementioned hero's poor character. He seems to suggest, with typical pothead disregard for logic, that Rorschach must be bad if he reads the *New Frontiersman*, while simultaneously implying that the *New Frontiersman* must be slightly disreputable if someone like Rorschach reads it! The overall effect of the piece is that of a snotty-nosed and unsubstantiated attack not only upon this paper and upon the individual costumed adventurers themselves, but also upon a whole American institution! Who the hell do Roth and his cringing staff of pinko sycophants think they are???

RIPPED OUT GUTS

The institution that Roth and his cronies are so casually ripping the guts out of is that of hooded justice, of a force for righteousness that dares to tread where the wimpy and useless laws laid down by the spineless dupes and fellow travellers in our judiciary forbid it to.

What about the Boston Tea Party? What about the spirit of the Lone Ranger? What about all those occasions when men have found it necessary to go masked in order to preserve justice above the letter of the law? *Nova Express* makes many sneering references to costumed heroes as direct descendants of the Ku Klux Klan, but might I point out that despite what some might view as their later excesses, the Klan originally came into being because decent people had perfectly reasonable fears for the safety of their persons and belongings when forced into proximity with people from a culture far less morally advanced.

No, the Klan were not strictly legal, but they did work voluntarily to preserve American culture in areas where there were very real dangers of that culture being overrun and mongrelized. Similarly, during our perfectly justified retaliatory bombing of Beirut in 1979, there were many of our so-called fair-weather-friend European allies who were bleating about supposed infringements of international law. Yet what are laws made for, if not to serve mankind? And if those laws through unforeseen circumstance become no longer applicable, is it not more noble to follow the course of right and justice; to serve the spirit of the law rather than its every dot and comma? In my book, anyone answering that question in the negative is someone without the moral backbone necessary to call himself an American. In the case of the *Nova Express* articles and their perpetrators, I would go so far as to call such a denial of time-tested patriotic virtues as being most definitely ANTI-American.

COKED-OUT COMMIE COWARDS

I've had it up to here with those coked-out commie cowards, and I think it's time we started to ask ourselves just who stands to benefit most from *Nova Express*' ridiculing of American legends and the subsequent subversion and undermining of our national morale? Can there be any doubt that the only beneficiary is the cause of international communism? Should we not perhaps call upon our authorities to take a closer look at exactly who is funding this pernicious piece of propaganda in pop star's

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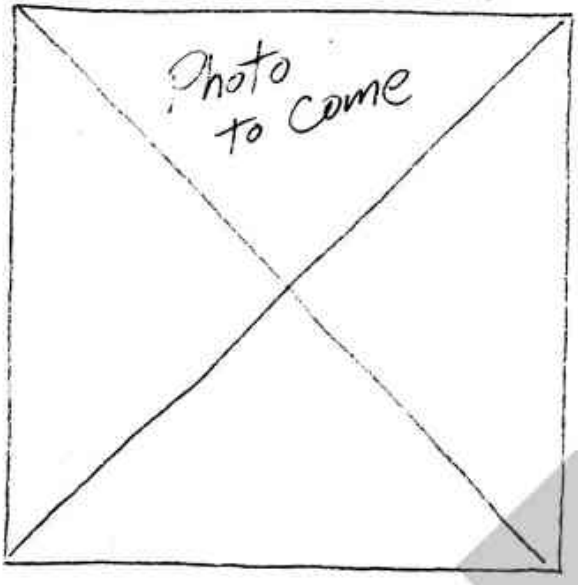
As we see it . . .

Honor is like . . . (cont.)

clothing that finds its way onto our newsstands each week? Regular readers will know that I have already voiced my suspicions concerning a red hand in the denunciation and subsequent exile of Dr. Manhattan (see *N.F.*, Sunday 20th October: "Our country's protector smeared by the Kremlin") and will no doubt join me in perceiving this renewed assault by *Nova Express* upon our traditions and values as further proof of where that magazine's interests lie: Due East, and don't you forget it.

Hector Godfrey, Editor



TRIM ON LEFT SPREAD SAFETY

MISSING WRITER
VANISHED PERSONS LIST GROWS AS HUNT CALLED OFF

Earlier this week, police called off their inquiry into the mysterious disappearance of author Max Shea, citing lack of evidence as a principal contributing factor in their decision. *New Frontiersman* would like to remind both the authorities concerned and our readers of the overwhelming evidence already tabulated by this paper to suggest that Shea's disappearance was part of a carefully orchestrated conspiracy, the roots of which may yet be traced back to sinister Cuban interests.

Although it is true to say that Shea did indeed vanish without trace, leaving no clue whatsoever as to his destination, by considering the extraordinary amount of similar disappearances reported at approximately the same time, it is possible to glimpse a larger and more frightening picture as it emerges. In the two months leading up to Shea's disappearance, no less than four prominent creative figures also seemingly dropped from the face of the earth. These included radical architect Norman Leith, surrealist painter Hira Manish, and respected "hard" science fiction author James Trafford March. Admittedly, the circumstances in each case are wildly different and seem to allow for a simple, meaningless coincidence of human destinies . . . Manish was apparently suffering profound difficulties with her marriage, making her apparent abandonment of her husband and two sons somewhat less than surprising. March owed massive debts to the IRS, who had frozen his earnings. Leith was reportedly depressed and even suicidal during the run-up to his disappearance, as was fellow missing person, avant-garde composer Linette Paley. As reasons for disappearance, these each seem individually credible enough to make any notion of conspiracy unnecessary, and yet a doubt still remains: Can *four* such prominent people simply dematerialize in the space of half as many months, leaving such bright and promising careers and reputations behind them?

Added to this, we must consider those prominent people in other fields, who, although less prominent and thus less easy to gauge numerically, have also apparently melted into thin air during this period. I have on record an unusually high number of disappearances from amongst the scientific community, which, although consisting largely of semi-skilled menial workers, does include such notable names as that of Dr. Whittaker Furnesse, the brilliant eugenics specialist who according to his wife left the family home one evening to walk the family dog and quite simply never returned.

Odder still, and quite probably entirely unconnected, there is the disappearance of *part* of a person after his death, recorded on the same week Shea's vanishing act reached the public awareness. Parents and relatives of so-called psychic and clairvoyant Robert Deschaines, attending his funeral following the young medium's fatal stroke, were horrified to learn that ghoulish vandals or practical jokers had stolen the corpse's head from its body while it lay unattended upon a mortuary slab. Police voiced a few tenuous opinions concerning possible involvement by black magic cultists, but since then no further evidence has come to light.

Even discounting this last curiosity, is there nobody who is prepared to look into this bizarre glut of disappearances and see what emerges? Can it be that our increasingly shrill and nervous judiciary are actually afraid to look too far under this particular rug for fear of what they might find hidden there? The *New Frontiersman* repeats it warning: Talented and prominent Americans are being spirited away from under our noses.

Isn't it time somebody found out just where they are going?

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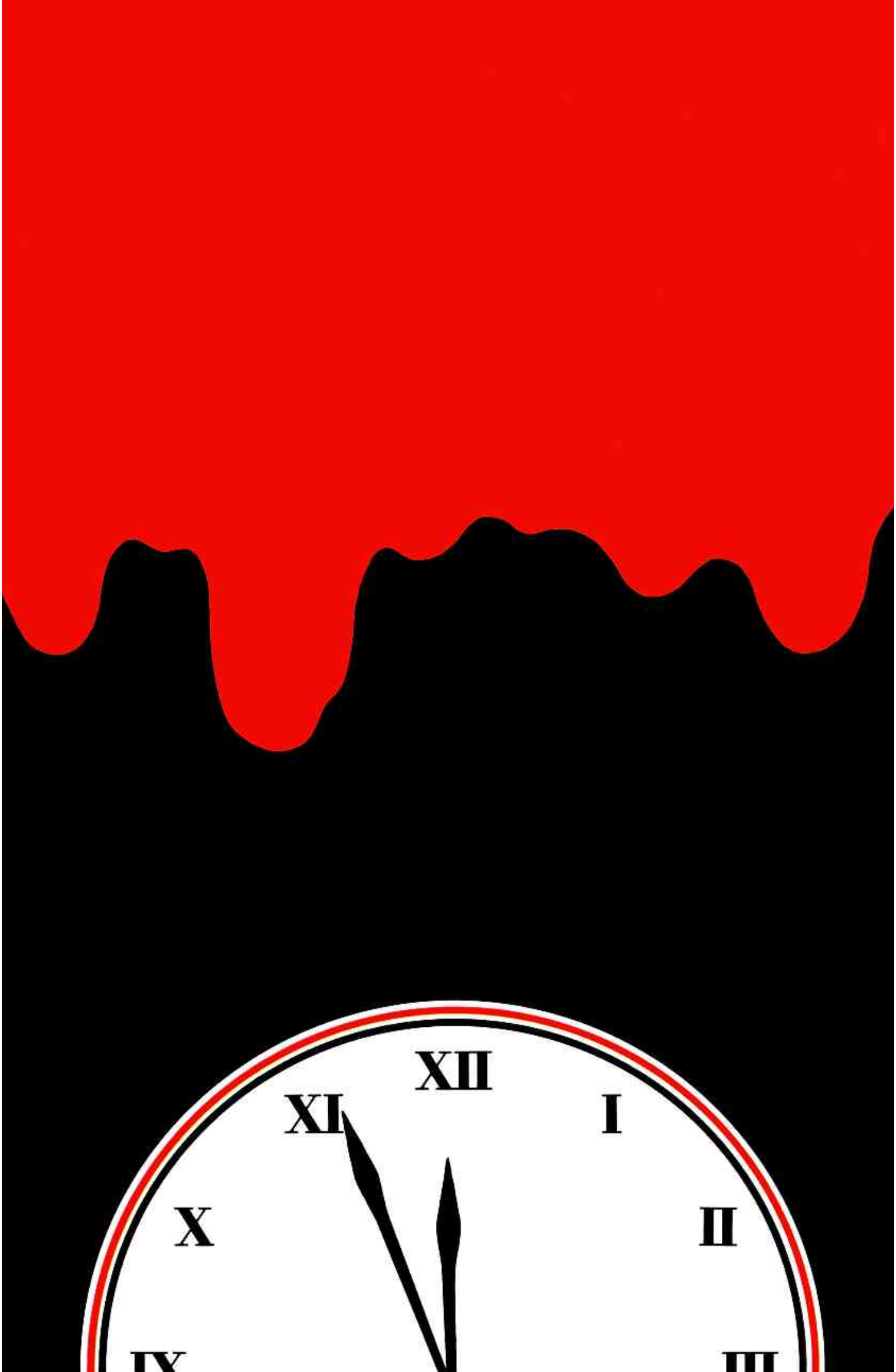
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